TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1513.

PEACE BALLOT: ASTOUNDING FACTS SEE PAGES 10 AND 11

JOHN BULL

For Sultry Summer Days . . . .

what could be nicer than a comfortable, shady hammock and delicious, cooling, refreshing Wincarnis Wine Jelly? . . . the king of jellies . . . the jelly that delights even the most hardened epicure. Never confuse Wincarnis with ordinary so-called " wine flavoured " jellies. It is the real thing—made with wine from the rich black grapes of the sun-kissed Spanish vineyards, unequalled for flavour and bouquet.
Just try Wincarnis Wine Jelly once and you'll agree it's different from anything you've ever had—something you can give with confidence to your most favoured guests—in fact, the most delicious jelly ever made.

Try these Recipes.

Wincarnis Egg Jelly.
Dissolve ½rd jelly in ½pt. hot water and allow to cool till it begins to thicken. Beat one new laid egg well until it is really frothy and whisk into the cold jelly. Pour into a greased mould. This is a very sustaining and appetising dish for an invalid. If preferred thick cream can be used instead of the egg.

Cherry Charlotte.
½ packet of Wincarnis Jelly, ½ pint of cream, 3 oz. Savoy biscuits, 1 small bottle Maraschino cherries.

Put one quarter of a jelly in a saucepan with ½ gill of hot water and some juice from the cherries. Heat till it dissolves and do not let it boil. Pour into greased cake tin, put in quantity of cherries desired and leave to set. Dissolve the rest of the jelly in quarter pint of water. Cool till on point of setting, stir in cream and leave to set.

Trim the edges of the biscuits and cut them all the same length.

When the jelly in tin is firm arrange the biscuits round the inside of tin. When the cream mixture begins to set pour it in.

WINCARNIS WINE JELLY

7½d. a packet at all good grocers and chemists. In case of difficulty send direct to Coleman and Company Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

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She smiled. "No, Jack, there is no mistake. Surely you have not forgotten that you're a 'plus' reader of 'John Bull.'"

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "I remember now. 'John Bull' adds a 10 per cent. Bonus to every Benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more. That's what a 'plus' reader means, isn't it? Well, this is a pleasant surprise."

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And more.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 15/6/35

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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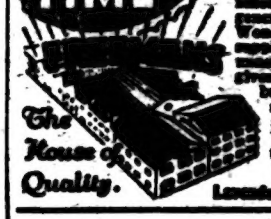
MEN WITH SPARE TIME



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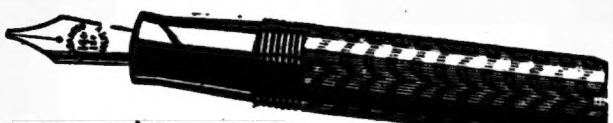

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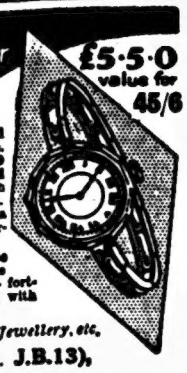

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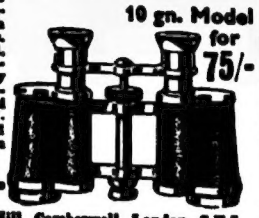

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2	8
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4	10
5	11
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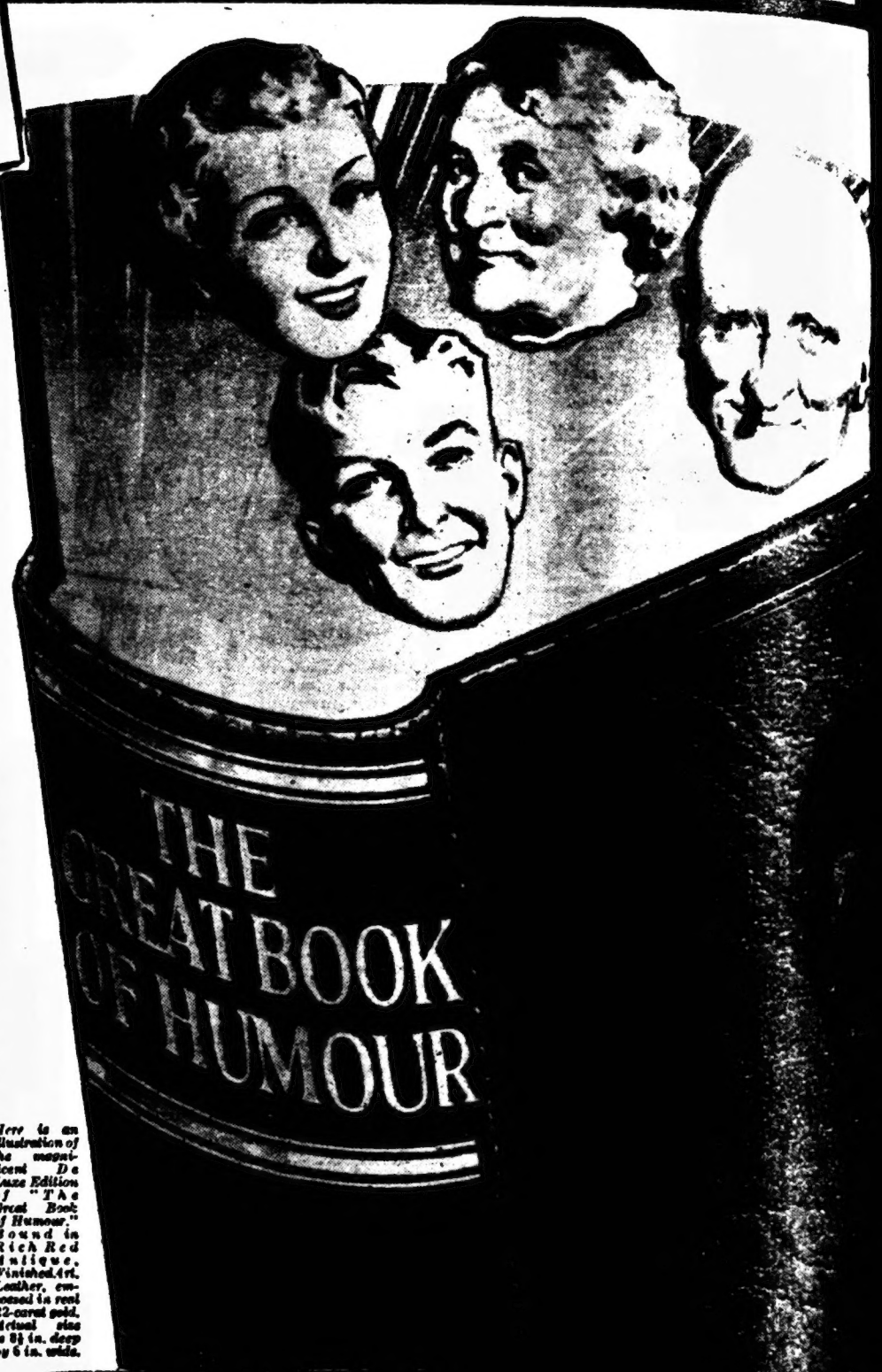

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NNETT, Arnold.....*The Burglary*
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The Eccentric Seclusion of the Old Lady
RISTIE, Agatha ..... *The Rajah's Emerald*
LA MARE, Walter ..... *The Orgy*
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Children of the DEAD END

He enters, full of hope, only to be cast back to the labour market after a year or two

Without Fear or Favour

MORE than a quarter of a million boys and girls will be leaving school in Britain during the next five weeks to seek their first jobs in life—a record descent upon the labour market. But twice that number have already become liable for employment in the past year.

What is to be the fate of all these children in ustry and commerce or in the field of unemyment?

If figures periodically published by Governnt departments could be accepted at their sure value, there are in Britain at any given time adays 120,000 boys and girls without work, 00, or about 55 per cent., of whom are under teen years of age.

That is bad enough, especially when it is lised that one girl in every five and one boy every six ultimately gets well into adult life hout ever having had the chance of a single 's employment.

But the position is much worse, because the tistics provided to the public relate only to own unemployment—in other words, to the mber of children who have been registered at loyment exchanges.

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Gradually, it is now being ascertained that every area of the country there are masses of eniles searching for situations who are outside official purview.

The public has also been led to believe lately at the position is so rapidly improving in many tricts, particularly in the southern half of the ntry, that the shortage of juvenile labour has ally become acute.

This is true, but it is grossly misleading if reports of the kind are trusted as an indicaof betterment or that, at last, the supply of itable and progressive work for young people is tting within distance of the demand.

The so-called "acute shortage" exists only those areas where certain kinds of new industries are being developed, and, almost without ception, it has been produced solely because the ployers there are engaged in wholesale loitation of cheap juvenile labour.

So insistent are these new firms on the exsive use of young people in their factories that many places the consequences have become ous.

Only the other day, a woman investigator of Ministry of Labour discovered that in a mber of districts juveniles are in and out of many as four jobs in a week.

Often they do not even leave one employer fore starting with another, but go for a morn- to a new place to see if they like it. If they do, they remain; if they do not, they return to the previous employment with the excuse that they have been sick.

This kind of thing seems fantastic at a time when, after every school-leaving term, there are at least 150,000 children who have only the most slender hope of procuring employment.

In reality, when the facts are understood, it is seen to be a grim tragedy which, if the system is allowed to go on unregulated and unchecked, will inevitably have the most serious reactions on the future of the race and the general conditions of all employment.

The truth is that wherever this "acute shortage" is declared to exist the young people are usually engaged in a most hopeless kind of work from which they will learn nothing that can be of any value to them in later life and from which, in any case, they will be cast back to the labour market after two years at the most.

Many of them, in fact, only get the jobs for a few months when they are replaced by the next flow from the schools. In practically none of these new industries, so far, are there any trade union regulations, and collective bargaining does not exist.

It would be far better for these children if they had been allowed to stay on at school, even if an allowance of some kind was paid to their parents, instead of being sent into these cheap and futile occupations by the employment exchanges.

There is, indeed, cause for the greatest anxiety regarding the loose, almost negligent, methods by which local employment exchanges are sending children into situations.

Take one case, from Lancashire. It is that of a fourteen-year-old girl who, on leaving school, was given a card to take to the exchange. There a post as a chemist's assistant was offered to her and, naturally, her parents were most eager that she should seize such a chance.

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But the girl found that the work she was required to perform was that of a domestic drudge for most trivial wages. She had to go to the house of her employer, a bachelor, make his bed, scrub and clean, and prepare his meals. She was told that for the rest of her time she would be trained in the work of a chemist's shop, but, of course, there was no time.

It is monstrous that a Government department should be used as an agency for the supply of labour on such terms and conditions.

There is a multitude of cases of this kind. A boy, in a dry-cleaning works in the North, has had to work for 156½ hours in eleven days; a fourteen-year-old boy in Birkenhead, for 19 hours a day; a girl, combining the jobs of waitress and scullery-maid, for 70 hours a week, at a penny an hour.

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Another instance is that of a van-boy of fourteen whose hours were from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. on five days and 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. on the sixth day and who, on one trip every week, was in his van from 8 a.m. on one day to 11 a.m. on the next!

So antiquated are the laws relating to juvenile labour that this exploitation can be construed as strictly legal and unpunishable. Detection is difficult even where there is breach of the law, because so many of the children belong to homes desolated by unemployment that the parents cannot risk losing the few shillings which this sweating produces.

That, however, must not continue to be a reason why the depots of the Ministry of Labour should be used as recruiting stations both for bad employers and for industries which make their profits wholly from underpaid child workers in dead-end jobs.

Unfortunately, the citizens of Britain as a whole are not yet alive to the seriousness of the problems of juvenile unemployment. Advantage is being taken of their lack of interest or knowledge by a vast number of unscrupulous employers for whose officially aided meanness the nation may have to pay very dearly.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Up with the New Slums!—by Order

Making Fresh Air a Crime

Shadow Behind the Screen

WEEK by week comes fresh evidence that the campaign to "Scrap the Slums" is, in fact, a campaign to "Build New Slums."

Housing experts, welfare workers, and the more alert of our local authorities all agree with our recent revelations that many of the houses now being built for ex-slum dwellers will become the "rotten homes" of the near future.

Nor is that all.

Some families are being moved from condemned property into new houses that are more inconvenient than the ones they have left.

Whitehall passes the New Slums buck to the Council, and the Council has to pass it on!

Bitter protests

That is the position, for instance, at York, where members of the city council are bitterly protesting against the stark stupidity of the Whitehall regulations which every local authority must observe.

They are emphasising the almost incredible fact that they are not *allowed* to build decent houses.

They must build rooms so small as to be detrimental to health. They must allow houses to be erected now that actually infringe the council's by-laws for old property!

Complaints pour in upon them from working men who, moved under clearance schemes, find that their wives are put into worse kitchens in the new houses than those they had in the old slums.

Passing the buck

The council can do nothing. The Ministry of Health has passed the buck to the local authorities, and the local authorities are compelled to pass the buck to the unfortunate tenants.

York, indeed, was one of the councils which at first refused to build rotten houses. For this public-spirited stand it was surcharged by the mandarins of Whitehall.

Hutches for humans

Other councils throughout the country are loth to build the "rabbit-hutches" (as an ex-Minister of Health has termed them) which the official economaniacs regard as suitable accommodation for those who cannot afford high rents.

Unless they do so, however, they forfeit the Government subsidy.

One expert declares that the houses being built to the official orders are worse than those erected fifty years ago. Another adds that they will be pulled down as slums within thirty years.

Grave error

We need not give other examples of the gigantic folly now being perpetrated under the guise of "a nation-wide effort to sweep away the slums." They are typical of many.

That nation-wide plan is certainly needed. But it will lead to fresh evils unless it is coupled with a nation-wide scheme to build *better* houses.

In its own interests, the Government should remedy its grave omission before the General Election.

More muddle

The Government's scrap-and-build scheme to help shipping is developing into a costly muddle.

Thanks to a loophole, shipowners are able to sell old vessels to foreigners and still claim cheap loans for new ships. British scrappers are therefore being robbed of work, while foreign shipping firms are storing up a big fleet to compete at cut rates with our new boats.

Unless the regulations are tightened up quickly, the public will be let in for heavy losses on this scheme.

A good start

But it's good news that the Milk Board proposes to set up a butter factory in South Wales.

More than one factory is needed, however. We are importing £5,000,000 worth of butter each year. If that were made in Britain, a good deal of the rural unemployment would be ended.

And, unlike beet sugar, there would be no need for a subsidy.

Tax to axe

There's also much to be said for the demand by fifty M.P.s for the abolition of the tax on male servants.

Not only are such symbols of affluence as butlers and footmen taxed, but chauffeurs and gardeners. As we have protested before, employers should not be penalised for providing work.

Echoes of war

While other politicians are busily talking about the next war, the accounts of the Imperial War Graves Commission utter a reminder of the last. Laying out cemeteries for the British war dead has cost nearly twelve million pounds.

And the bodies of Tommies are still being found on the French and Flemish battlefields at the rate of three a day.

Dull and dusty

Fewer people are visiting the great museums and art galleries. And no one will dispute the reason given by a member of the National Art Collections Fund. He describes the British Museum as the dullest in Europe, smelling of polish, bristling with officials, and without a single comfortable seat, while most other museums are nearly as dismal.

Even worse, in our opinion, is the utter lack of imagination shown in arranging the exhibits.

History's windows

A great museum might be described as a shop-window of history, and should be laid out as attractively as the windows of a departmental store.

The authorities could learn a lot from a five-minute walk down Oxford Street.

Clean-up swimming

The coming hot days (we hope they'll come, anyway) will start another rush to the swimming baths. So let us repeat our demand of last season that swimmers should be required to have a preliminary wash before entering the common bath.

This regulation has long been in force abroad, and is particularly desirable in the case of persons who arrive straight from work.

The dirt of industry may be honest, but it isn't wanted in the swimming bath.

Fresh air a crime

On the other hand, there are far too many restrictions placed upon hikers. Great stretches of glorious country are barred to them by selfish landowners.

Even camping out amid the picturesque surroundings of Loch Lomond is not the pleasant experience you might imagine, judging by police-court proceedings at Stirling.

Among a large number of people fined for pitching their tents is an out-of-work ex-Service man, who finds that camping is the only way of providing recreation for his wife and family.

Scared M.P.s

His indignation at being denied a small corner of the land for which he fought so hard has not saved him from having to pay a fine he can't afford—and his experience is typical of many.

The most disgraceful feature, to our mind, is the timidity of M.P.s towards the subject. Year after year they are invited to pass the Access to Mountains Bill, which would allow right of way over uncultivated moors and mountain-sides, and year after year they refuse for fear of vested interests!

Back to nature

No such qualms afflict the nudists. Their cult has now spread to the Highlands, though it is true they are being prosecuted for "trespass" like the unwary hikers and campers.

Reports come from several districts of parties of young men and women drilling and playing games in the nude.

They, at any rate, shouldn't complain about being "moved on" by the police.

Craze for science?

We all know that, comparatively, Scotland provides more business brains for the Empire than any other race. Now an expert alleges that in Scottish schools and universities commercial training is sadly neglected because of "the craze for science."

The results, he complains, are bad spelling and bad handwriting, poor speech and poor arithmetic.

But the same conditions exist in many Southern seats of learning. Maybe our educationists are trying to teach a smattering of many subjects instead of stressing the few essential ones.

Behind the screen

We fear that the conditions revealed by a trade union leader are not confined to the South Wales kinemas he had in mind.

He complains that some employees are working a sixty-hour week for 6s., while married men with families are getting 30s. to 35s. for similar hours.

Similar conditions, we believe, exist in small picture theatres in other parts of the country—an abominable evil that deserves official attention.

Cutting out the cuts

On the other hand, even some of the cheeseparing local councils are being shamed into giving a better deal to their workers.

So Dudley Corporation is raising the wage scale to the level set up by the Joint Industrial Council. Twelve years ago it reduced wages by 25 per cent, a cut which has cost the workers £20,0

We congratulate the Corporation on removing the stigma of being the worst paying municipal employers in the Midlands, but we can't help regretting the time it has taken about making amends.

Evicted for profit

Hardly less objectionable is the meanness which provides the Aberdeen Corporation with a difficult problem.

Every year about this time large numbers of sub-tenants are bundled out of their rooms to make way for the better paying summer visitors who flock to the granite city.

So serious has become the question of finding other accommodation for the unhappy outcasts that the council is being pressed to provide them with camping facilities!

They can't see stars

Less easy to solve is the Astronomer Royal's difficulty. Improved street lighting is making the night sky so much brighter that observations at Greenwich are seriously hampered.

That's bad for the scientists. But remembering that in the dark old days of ill-lit streets many people saw stars in a different way, we think it quite good.

One step forward

And it's good to hear of steps being taken to end the scandal of unsound insurance firms which issue cheap but worthless motor policies. After repeated demands, a Bill is to be introduced for this purpose.

So, one by one, the reforms we have long advocated are granted. Though why we have to wait so long only the Government can explain!

Jubilee Holidays

King George's Jubilee Trust begins good work well. The first distribution from the Fund, subscribed to commemorate the Jubilee, goes to provide summer holidays for boys and girls too poor to afford them.

Unfortunately their numbers must be limited. The Fund is still in the initial stages, accumulating capital. Much more is needed.

Its first thought for holidayless boys and girls should mean that much more will be given.

Facing the facts

Two priests from poor districts, Father Gilbert Shaw and the Rev. A. Packham, want the Christian Social Council to demand sweeping changes in our economic life, so as to convince the poor that "Christianity is on their side."

They evidently realise that the Churches have failed in their duty. Let us hope their efforts will be successful, for it is high time that Christianity and teachers faced the facts about the whole sale misery about us.

And, as these two priests say, "the opportunity is quickly passing."

The Fragrant Minute.

CHEERFULNESS, THE WINDOW CLEANER

WHEN you're feeling tired and jaded, when the world seems dull and bad, all its beauty dimmed and faded and the very air is sad, and your heart has ceased its singing, and your lips refuse to smile, and you to grief are clinging and nothing seems worth while.

Then you need the window-cleaner for the windows of your mind. Oh, call this beauty-cleaner, before you grow quite blind. Come, Cheerfulness, come quickly and clean these window panes. There's a soul that is quite sickly and its vision daily wanes.

Then Cheerfulness laughs gladly and works with joyous will. No more do eyes gaze sadly at a drab and barren hill. For the earth grows fair and rosy now window-panes are clean, and the heart feels warm and cosy and beauty decks the scene!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers Address letters to her c/o The Editor JOHN BULL.

SMUGGLED TOBACCO

by A. Santen

(General Secretary, National Cigar and Tobacco Workers' Union)

BRITAIN'S annual tobacco consumption, which now works out at 3.27 lb. per head of the population, has increased by 13 per cent. in the past 15 years. You might therefore think it strange that during the same period the number of insured workers in the industry has fallen by nearly 10 per cent.

And you would be right. It *is* strange.

Of the 6,000 seizures made by the Customs authorities every year, a large proportion of the 300 reported convictions are cases of cigar smuggling. Do not imagine that cigars are a luxury article for which there is little demand nowadays. Many hundreds of thousands of cigars are smoked in Great Britain every day.

The duty the smuggler avoids is 18s. per lb. About 80 cigars go to the lb., so that the difference between the Continental and British retail price of 10 boxes, each of 100 cigars, theoretically, is about £11, but the smuggler's profit is slightly less, because he disposes of the goods through irregular channels.

☆ ★ ☆

Not long ago I visited a public-house near the docks in the East End of London. While I was there a tough-looking man offered the landlord a box of high-grade cigars at an absurdly cheap price. He said he had just returned on a ship from Holland, but as he did not smoke himself and was short of cash he wanted to sell the cigars. And the proprietor expressed any interest in the deal, the stranger no doubt would have been able to produce several more boxes.

In a recent typical case a ship's quartermaster was fined £34 8s. for attempting to smuggle past the Customs £20 worth of cigars. Most of these men "know the ropes" at the ports and consider themselves merely unlucky if they are caught.

Many cases have proved that modern smugglers employ motor boats which, disguised as for a pleasure trip, easily dodge the patrols and make a lonely landing in out-of-the-way places round the coast.

Dramatic evidence of tobacco running was given at Bow Street Police Court not long ago. A gang of men had hired an innocent-looking yacht to ply between Holland and a little-frequented creek near Tollesbury.

One of the gang, whose duties were on shore as a kind of sentry, stated that he saw a mysterious watcher perched on the roof of a building. Getting alarmed, he made prearranged signals to the yacht with the aid of motor-car headlights.

It transpired that on the yacht was a consignment of 226 lb. of tobacco. And the mysterious onlooker turned out to be a Customs officer!

Some idea of the amazing extent of this gang's operations will be gathered from the evidence of a London wholesaler, who said that one of these smugglers had offered to supply him with *five tons* of tobacco.

The arrest of an Englishman in Paris only a few weeks ago on a charge of smuggling tobacco by aeroplane showed that smugglers have not overlooked the advantages of aircraft for this nefarious work. By the use of aeroplanes it would obviously be easy to discharge large quantities of tobacco at remote places inland in this country with practically no risk of detection.

Scotland Yard is seldom able to lay hands upon the receivers of smuggled tobacco who are making a fat living out of this highly organised form of crime. Their existence must be inferred from the quantities of illicitly imported cigars, distinguishable by their brands, which find their way, in some otherwise inexplicable manner, on to the British market.

☆ ★ ☆

All this may sound adventurous or even romantic—until you realise what it means in terms of human flesh and blood.

According to the official figures for May, 1935, the total number of insured persons in our tobacco industry now is only 44,800. Over 3,500 skilled cigar workers have been forced out of employment since 1920, and the number of other trades at present workless is appalling.

I will frankly admit that many causes have contributed to this reduction in the number of operatives, but the two chief ones are the introduction of mechanised methods of manufacture, and the present high duty on imported manufactured tobacco which makes smuggling an attractive proposition.

Some idea of the revolutionary changes that have taken place in the tobacco industry will be gathered from the fact that not so long ago the usual cigarette machine turned out only a few hundred cigarettes a minute, but to-day an output of over 1,200 per minute is a fair average.

Cigarettes formerly were packed by hand in the familiar cartons of ten by girls who did this work at rates of pay varying from 2½d. to 4d. a thousand, and a quick packer would often handle as many as 12,000 cigarettes a day!

The advent of machinery has practically eliminated human employment in this part of the business, for our modern robots wrap the cigarettes in foil and pack them at the almost incredible speed of 700,000 per machine per day.

This ever-increasing extension of mechanised methods to replace processes formerly undertaken by hand is said to be the inevitable consequence of the commercial earthquake caused by the war, but because of this it is clearly all the more necessary in the interests of the workers that any avoidable causes of unemployment be investigated.

That is why this tobacco smuggling racket is regarded so seriously among all those who depend for their livelihood upon the prosperity of the tobacco industry.

England is not alone in these difficulties, but some other countries already have taken stern measures to stamp out illicit importation and exportation.

So effective are the precautions now taken in France, for instance, that there is little smuggling out of the country, although there is abundant evidence of organised unlawful importation of cigars into France across the Belgian border.

Supplies of cigars and tobacco smuggled into England have been proved to come mostly from Germany, Belgium and Holland, and it may be that a closer co-operation with those countries will soon be necessary.

☆ ★ ☆

Some years ago I headed a deputation to Mr. Neville Chamberlain on the matter. When Lord Snowden was Chancellor I frequently tackled him. I remember once spotting him while he was taking a stroll on the sea front at Brighton. I stopped him and tried to make him see the enormity of this hidden scandal.

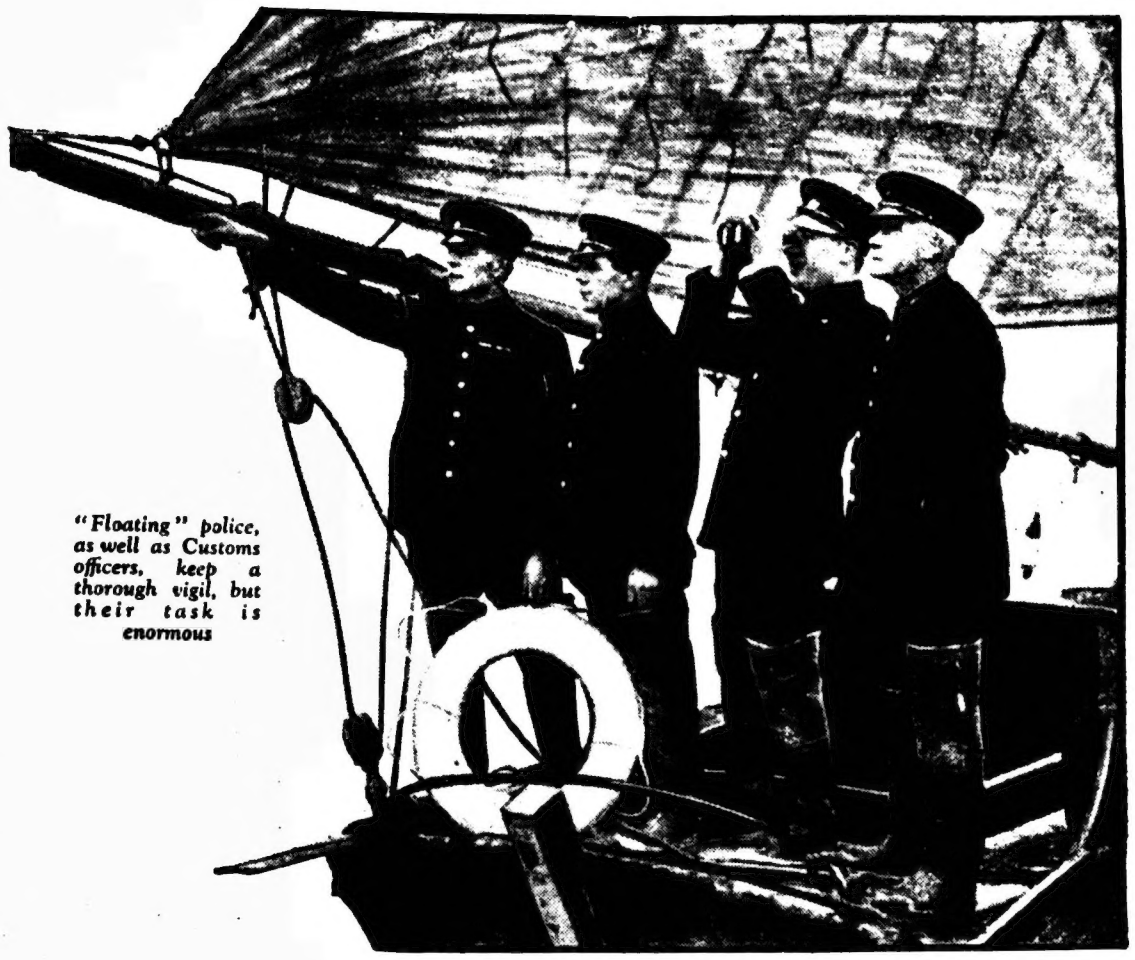
The best solution so far suggested is that the present high duties on imported tobacco should be drastically reduced so that the incentive to smuggling would cease. But in order that the revenue should not suffer any loss of the £67,000,000 now collected annually on imported tobacco, it is proposed to impose a duty on the finished product after final manufacture in this country. The retail prices would remain practically unaltered, but might be slightly lower.

More stringent Customs regulations and greater thoroughness in their enforcement are advocated in some quarters. But this is a costly remedy. Basing my calculations upon all the cases reported in the newspapers and other information in my possession, I estimate that the quantity of tobacco imported unlawfully into Great Britain every year has now reached the staggering total of 1,000,000 lb.

Getting this huge amount past the Customs is an organised criminal racket worth close on £500,000 a year to the clever rogues behind it.

Clearly it is the duty of the Government to deal sternly with anti-social activities of this kind. Urgent action is imperative. Our legislators surely cannot disregard indefinitely this flagrant injury to legitimate trade.

And can they close their eyes much longer to the bitter suffering it is bringing to thousands of British homes?



"Floating" police, as well as Customs officers, keep a thorough vigil, but their task is enormous

THE STAGGERING EPIC O

HOW TEN

Dame Adelaide Livingstone: she organised the great drive which smashed the anti-peace fanatics' ravings

THIS is the story of the greatest voluntary effort that this country has ever seen—of an achievement which began as the dream of one man, and has grown into a movement employing 500,000 voluntary workers who, in their turn, have produced results which should astonish not only this country but the whole world.

That one man is Viscount Cecil, the movement is the Peace Ballot, and the achievement has been to induce more than 10,000,000 of the people of this country to think deeply upon fundamental issues of peace and war, and to give their answers on a ballot paper containing six highly controversial questions . . . .

A few days hence, on Thursday, June 27, at a mass meeting at the Albert Hall, to be addressed by, among others, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir Walter Citrine, Viscount Cecil, the chairman, will announce to the world the total actual figures of Britain's national Peace Ballot.

Great lesson

"The door-knocker parade," as these voluntary workers for peace have been lightly called, have garnered their enormous poll in less than six months, and the merest consideration of their gigantic task and its fruits provides some sensational lessons for politicians.

Without any established machinery or organisation, the Peace Ballot people embarked last November upon what amounted to a General Election. They had to approach every voter in every constituency in this country with ballot papers and by direct canvass and build up their machinery for doing so as they went along.

They could only spend a fiftieth part of what political parties spend in a General Election. Furthermore, they were not asking the voter to decide on a straight party issue, to make his cross against one of two or three candidates, but they were asking him and her to *think* and answer a lot of questions involving all kinds of patriotic and social prejudices and beliefs.

Smashing answer

Finally, the "door-knocker parade" had to carry out their work against the organised detraction and opposition of a large portion of the national Press.

Yet, in the face of a job like this, these peace workers got 10,000,000 people to fill in the ballot papers!

An interesting point about this giant poll is that it easily beats the record vote ever obtained by any political party in a General Election —the 8,669,469 votes obtained by the Conservatives in 1929.

If there are people still who do not believe that the man-in-the-street thinks or bothers about the questions which lie behind the issues of war or peace, then this astonishing ballot is the smashing answer.

In forty-one constituencies *over 60 per cent. of the total electorate* voted in the ballot. In round figures 1,500,000 Londoners voted out of a total of 5,000,000, and the vote was widespread across every class and political type. Leading the London area is a residential middle-class district like Northwood, with a poll in the ballot of more than 88 per cent.

But Wales, Lancashire and the industrial North have provided the high lights. Among these constituencies there is Merioneth with 86 per cent., Batley 71 per cent., Keighley 69 per cent. In between are whole townships which have voted almost *en bloc*.

And the answers on the ballot papers? These are the final crushing answer to those who have sneered at the League of Nations, who have decried democracy and the capacity of the ordinary man to think for himself about the causes of war.

Here is a rough guide to the results which will be given on June 27.

Startling figures

Of the 10,000,000 who voted 97 per cent. were for the League of Nations, 92.5 per cent. for disarmament, 93 per cent. for the abolition of private arms manufacture, 85 per cent. for abolition of naval and military aircraft, 94 per cent. for economic action against a nation which attacked another, 74 per cent. for military action against an aggressor.

They are startling figures for the war-mongers, as to what Britain really thinks!

But how the "door-knocker parade" got their amazing results is at least as interesting as the figures themselves. The experiences of that army of 500,000 volunteers who set themselves out to find what Britain thought about peace or war should make an epic.

It is possible only to give a bare hint of the many extraordinary stories of the six months' campaign—the full account will be gi after the great meeting on June in a book to be published by organisers of the ballot. But bef we give some of these stories it better to remove a popular fall about the movement itself.

The Peace Ballot has *not* b solely run by the League of Nati Union. This body has been mer one of more than thirty ot organisations representing ev shade of national social activit who have formed the Central Co mittee of the Peace Ballot mo ment.

All the hundreds of local co mittees (one for every constituen were equally representative. some places the local British Leg executive worked alongside of l church people and school-teach In Huddersfield the committee c sisted of a Church Canon, a sch master, a Trades Union official manufacturer, a bank clerk, t tile workers and an education pert. "Our only regret," said on them, "is that we did not get know each other sooner."

Frequent calls

In another town the commit was a magistrate, a blacksmith, insurance collector, a grocer, local Conservative agent, the l Labour Party agent, and a mixed of Friendly Society officials like Oddfellows and the Rechabites.

All these committees organised "door-knocker" work. They sa it that every house got its suppl ballot forms, and was followed and canvassed by some of the a of voluntary workers.

On an average, each worker

Workers at the offices of the National Peace Ballot checking the answers. Ten million papers were handled!

BANISH THE JEREMIAHS

THE world is full of Jeremiahs. You have only to meet misfortune to encounter them and the dismal prophecies that they utter.

They are the grim spectres at every sick-bed, the alarmists with over-loud whispers of 'It's sure to prove fatal!" at every street accident, the scaremongers at every christening, whether of a baby or of a ship.

Lose money, and they'll tell you there's no hope of recovering it—not in that long grass. Apply for a job, and they'll look doleful and tell you you may as well spare your time.

They are the people to avoid—except that they can't be avoided.

Misfortune brought along financial anxiety and the usual crop of Jeremiahs to a Cheshire family recently. The husband went out to tend plants in the greenhouse that was his hobby, and to find other labours of love in the garden. The house was unattended for the moment.

And then the smell of burning brought him rushing to the kitchen. There were flames licking up clothes that had been put before a fire to air.

It was a serious enough matter without the Jeremiahs making it worse. Yet they were soon round, making the matter seem worse than it was, and telling the family plainly that they needn't expect too much assistance from people who profess to help in this hard world.

Well, that reader relied on a small square of paper he had once filled in. You will find it on page 2 to-day, and by signing it you can qualify for the protection of JOHN BULL's unique free insurance.

He did not rely on us in vain. We recouped his losses, and, because he is an old reader, added a 10 per cent. bonus as well. And he has told the Jeremiahs about it, to prove to them that they can sometimes be wrong.

It is so easy to protect yourself in the same way. As you will see on page 2, it is only the work of a minute.

THE GREAT PEACE BALLOT

MILLIONS said 'NO' to WAR

Viscount Cecil: his dream of a great peace movement has come true

ut 40 houses, although some atly exceeded this number. A erpool worker, for instance, dis- uted over 10,000 forms; a Not- ham worker collected 3,000 sig- tures, and a Keighley worker dis- uted 800 forms and collected ut 780 duly filled in.

ut the number of houses allotted each worker was not always a e guide to the amount of work in. Many houses required a great mber of calls—either the residents re not in or had lost the first set forms. Others wanted more in- rmation, lots of it. Others still, not bother to give the workers efinite answer as to whether they uld complete the forms or not.

here was the case of a Yorkshire rker who called at a certain house collect the form delivered some s before. He had just been shown o the sitting-room by the lady of house when she gave a sudden p. "I'm awfully sorry," she said ltily. His eyes were drawn to the ntelpiece. There, displayed in a minent position was the ballot m. Written across it was: "Don't get the sausages for father!"

A woman in a Yorkshire town at would not have anything to do h the ballot. At last, after much argument and persuasion from the voluntary helper who tried to change her opinion, she gave her reasons: "I'm all for a good war," she said. "I lost two husbands in the last one—and I might lose the one I've got in the next!"

But these experiences were exceptional. They are quoted merely because they leavened the job of the workers with humour—even if it was a rather bitter humour.

Direct question

Often it was an immensely tough job—even physically tough. Remember that all Britain had to be covered; the London clerk living in a forest of brick houses, the Highland crofter, the farm labourer dwelling in remote villages—all had to be faced with the direct questions of the ballot paper and asked for a direct answer.

There were high lights of endeavour and organisation in the campaign. The Shetland workers, for instance, had to make long sea journeys among the scattered islands and long tramps over wild country to reach people who live far from war and the rumours of war.

Despite these difficulties, they secured 10,552 votes—a 66 per cent. poll against war. This 66 per cent. poll is all the more remarkable since in the last General Election only 36 per cent. of the Shetlanders voted. Moreover, with so many of the men of the islands away at sea, the proportion of absentee voters must have been unusually high.

The remotest parts of the Hebrides and Orkneys were also covered. One worker made a landing at a lighthouse in an Atlantic gale. Another practically camped on the Isle of Lewis collecting signatures for peace. There was a 90 per cent. poll on Lewis—all "Yes" for the League and "No" for armaments and their makers.

There were similar feats of thoroughness in the heart of England. The village of Imbes, in the centre of Salisbury Plain, "six miles from anywhere," and often called the "loneliest village in England," was duly covered by the Warminster Committee, and half its inhabitants voted.

Thinking of him!

A "Flying Squad" from the London Headquarters Committee chartered a fast boat and covered all the river dwellers in barges, houseboats and sailing boats from the Thames estuary to Harlow, in Essex.

The reception of the vast "door-knocker parade" varied vastly from, "We're not interested in nothink here" to "If there's another war it won't be my fault for being blind and dumb about my opinions. Come inside and talk."

A Bedford man said to the worker who called, "I know the ballot is supposed to be secret. But I'll tell you that I've answered 'Yes' to all the questions. A 'Yes' to the ballot paper is a 'No' to war." And then, pointing to his small son sitting doing his homework at the kitchen table .... "It's him I'm thinking of!"

A Lincolnshire man signed himself "Sergeant at 18," and wrote across the ballot envelope: "I appeal to everybody in this street to answer the questions. Save the world with black ink before it is washed out in red blood."

Humour, too

But there was humour again as well as serious discussion and appeal.

A Sussex worker reported that he had made a half-dozen calls at a certain house without getting the form signed. Each call meant a four mile walk, and each time he found the occupants gloomier and gloomier.

At last said the householder: "Me and my wife's always quarrelling about this paper. I want to say 'Yes' to all the questions, and she wants to say 'No.'" The same worker tramped across many fields and roads stalking a labourer, and then found it was a scarecrow!

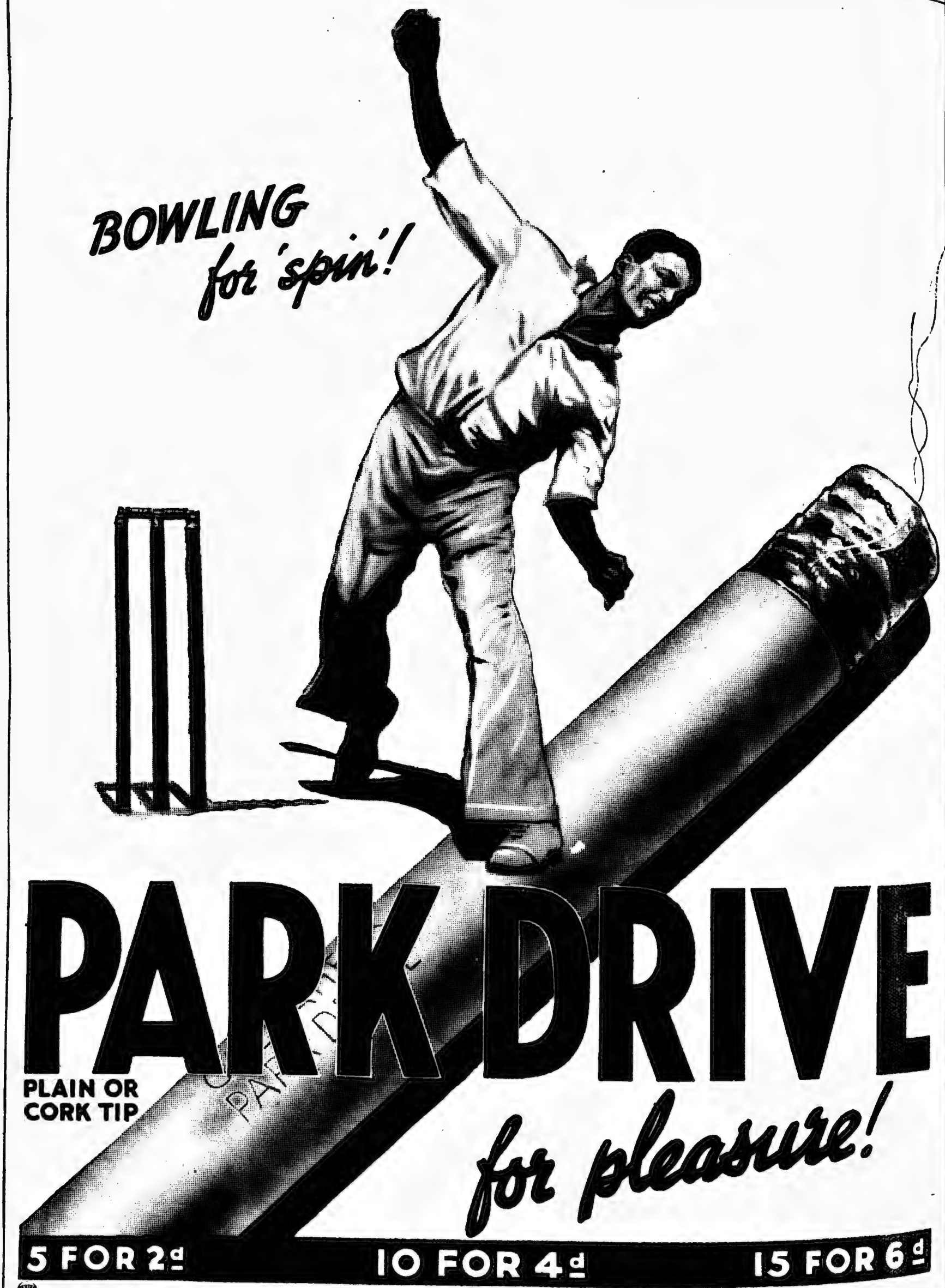
In the book which will appear after the Albert Hall meeting there will be found the whole story of this wonderful achievement of the Peace Ballot. It has been written by the organiser, Dame Adelaide Livingstone, and by Walter Ashley, who has presented the extraordinary statistics of the ballot in a way which makes figures live.

The great "door-knocker parade" found out a lot of queer things about Britain in the course of collecting the peace votes—the number of elderly people who live all alone, the number of adults who are still unable to read or write; strange facts like what munition workers think of their jobs (Jarrow voted 50 per cent. in the ballot; in Sheffield 126,268 voted "Yes" to the questions as against only 16,525 who said "No." There was the same proportion of 8 to 1 for disarmament and the abolition of private arms manufacture in other munition towns like Birmingham, Coventry, Portsmouth, Barrow-in-Furness).

You will find many facts like these in the book.

It will stand at once as a piece of irrefutable testimony for the Royal Commission on the Arms Trade, which is now sitting, and as an abiding record of one of the finest blows struck for democracy in this or any other generation.

Yes, how the "door-knocker parade" got its 10,000,000 British peace votes has made History with a capital "H."


BOWLING for 'spin'!
PARK DRIVE
PLAIN OR CORK TIP
for pleasure!
5 FOR 2d
10 FOR 4d
15 FOR 6d

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to LORD LUKE

Perhaps They'll Believe YOU!

DEAR LORD LUKE,—Some reader sent me, cut from the morning paper, the headlines of the announcement of your appointment as chairman of a new committee, one that is to enquire into the wholesale starvation of hundreds and hundreds of thousands of the so-called "lower" classes.

The headlines consisted of the words, "Great Food Enquiry Ordered. Minister Is Anxious About Nutrition." Across them he had scribbled, "We go without, from Thursday until Saturday every week."

Then in a long letter he said, "Come and see our home; not a crust of bread in it.

"Every Thursday our children go without food until we receive a voucher on Saturday morning. Swaffer, the most sickening cry I have ever heard is children crying for a butty and you cannot give them one.

"Even my 9s. sick pay is taken into account. We have a child two years and five months. Her weight is 22 lb.

"We cannot live on this scale. It is utterly impossible. It is not that I've been out of work a few months; it's five years this coming July. My children are short of food in a land that burns food."

* * *

Only a few hours ago, I had met a young man who—while on the "dole"—had been studying economics in a university class, the hard solid facts, the statistics, the figures, the theories, all carefully explained by learned professors.

I listened for a long time to his descriptions of his course of studies—all made while he was unemployed—and then at the end he said something that illumined the condition of Society to-day much more than all the statistics ever compiled.

He told me how, when standing in the queue outside the Employment Exchange, as he had often done for hours, he had heard workless people talk without shame, and without resentment, but merely as though it were a thing to which they were used, of things that would, if heard on the wireless, cause a sensation in every home in the land.

Quite calmly, one man had told him how, merely because his family were short of food, he had robbed a home and been sent to jail for twelve months; how when, on coming out, he had got a job and then been sacked when it was discovered he had been in prison; how he had gone back to the Employment Exchange and waited for weeks.

"We never saw meat in our house for over two years," he said, "except when a neighbour would send a bit in off her joint. What do we live on? Chiefly bread. Now we never get any meat, because all the other men in our court are out of work. So scarcely any of them now have meat themselves." Yet three members of his family, ill or convalescent, had been ordered special diet by the doctor!

Now this was not one of the "distressed areas" but in the centre of London, which, comparatively, is supposed to be "prosperous" and contented.

I wish your committee luck, Lord Luke. It will hear some sickening stories.

I wish it strength. I hope its appointment means that at last the Government has listened to the constant, bitter, perpetual, incessant complaint from all parts of Britain. For starvation is going on all over the country.

You and your colleagues have been appointed to enquire into the facts, "quantitative and qualitative, in relation to the diet of the people and to report as to any changes therein which appear desirable in the light of modern advances in the knowledge of nutrition."

It is about time a committee was appointed. Two years ago, the British Medical Association argued that the normal man required 3,400 calories and 50 grammes of first-class protein daily. The Ministry of Health—what a scream this name sounded!—denied this and said that 3,000 calories and 37 grammes of protein were sufficient! What do the poor know of calories? They merely know they are hungry.

Meanwhile, from all over the country there have been pouring in complaints. The Medical Officer of Health for Swindon reported that, during his routine inspections in 1934, the cases of malnutrition among children noticed by him were 83 cases as compared with 33 the year before, while in the secondary schools, 32 pupils were poorly nourished, whereas in previous years there were none.

Has the nation's prosperity been obtained at the expense of this?

"Children are living on diets incompatible with health," declared the Medical Officer for Nottingham. The Medical Officer for South Shields has complained of the decreased number of children receiving free meals. . . . "It is a matter of real regret that such withdrawal of needy cases should occur," he said.

Sheffield, a Labour-controlled city, which served out nearly 2,000,000 meals to children in the elementary schools last year, has led a war against malnutrition, realising the extent of the infamy.

"No fewer than 10,000,000 people in Britain are living on or below starvation level," declared Sir John Orr, the nutrition expert at Aberdeen University. He, as one of your colleagues on this new committee, will no doubt have something to say.

Well you, Lord Luke, are a practical man. You have done much for the hospitals. You are well known in the world of business.

As you will be supported by scientists, doctors and members of the general public, and your enquiry will extend to the actual conditions existing in all parts of the country, I hope that at last something will be done. But it is not a matter of calories or proteins or vitamins. It is a matter of flesh and blood. It is a matter of men and women, yes, and a matter of children.

If, Lord Luke, your committee's report results in an improvement, in a change of the Government mind, in a realisation that food which is being thrown away should be used and not destroyed for that, as I see it, is the cardinal thing—you will be entitled to the thanks of every person who wishes well of his country, any person who has a heart to feel and a soul to save.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,
Lambeth Palace

YOUR GRACE,—So the Church is definitely resolved to keep its clock back—many centuries back—on the vital problem of divorce.

"The unhappy marriage must last till death," cry the bishops, while you assert that "there must be no bargain with the State."

You seem to forget that you are the head of a State Church. If the churches are barred to persons who have been divorced by the State, then you are helping to bring about a divorce between organised religion and the people.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. C. LITTLE,
Amalgamated Engineering Union

DEAR PRESIDENT,—I hope the Ministry of Labour pays prompt attention to your complaint that engineering employers are sending to Switzerland for workers on the pretence that there is a dearth of skilled labour in Britain.

And if, as you understand, these foreigners are working for low wages, the matter is a damnable disgrace.

JOHN BULL.

LORD BELPER,
Nottingham Bench

MY LORD,—In most courts the presence of a defendant is not insisted upon in trivial motoring cases.

You threaten to double the fine if he does not attend in person, but have you thought that he may lose a day's work or important business by doing so?

JOHN BULL.

Miss MABEL EMILY SIMS,
Harborne Road, Birmingham

MADAM,—Three years ago you became bankrupt for over £5,000, with assets that realised only £84. You have paid no dividend and admit that you have continued to live expensively.

Yet you have the effrontery to apply for your discharge, pleading that it is "worrying to be bankrupt."

I rejoice that your application has been refused. Try "worrying" a little about your creditors.

JOHN BULL.

Master PHILLIP SANDERCOTT
Cardiff

DEAR PHILLIP,—No children are allowed to visit the hospital where your mother lies. But the other day you climbed a pipe to an open window, entered the ward, gave your mother the chocolate you had bought with your slender pocket money, then left by the way you had come.

I suppose I shouldn't encourage you to defy Authority, but I really am glad you triumphed over that harsh and stupid rule.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. T. JENKINS,
Welsh League of Youth

REVEREND SIR,—Booing, you assert, is a despicable form of international language, foreign to the spirit of sportsmanship and moral decency!

I prefer to describe it as a form of safety valve. If people didn't boo a bad performance they might start throwing things.

JOHN BULL.

The RATING AUTHORITY,
Lowestoft

DEAR SIRS,—There are so many high-handed gentry of your kind in authority that I am glad you have been rapped over the knuckles.

Your assertion on prosecuting a man who received no demand that it is the ratepayer's duty to ascertain what he owes and pay up, whether he gets a notice or not, rightly annoyed the mayor.

Take it from me that no one would pay without getting notice of the amount he owes!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT S. KEGGAN,
Hyde, Cheshire

SIR,—Stopped by the police for allowing your nine-year-old daughter to drive a car up a gradient of one in ten, you admitted you had been very foolish.

Not only foolish, but extremely inconsiderate of the safety of other road-users!

And that sort of dangerous selfishness merits more than the £5 in fines which you will have to pay. JOHN BULL.

Sir WM. JENKINS, M.P.,
Glamorgan Joint Committee

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I welcome your committee's refusal to ratify the appointment of a solicitor over seventy as clerk to the Caerphilly justices.

The post had not been advertised, and the magistrates' choice of an aged man when younger solicitors would have jumped at the job was not only ridiculous but scandalous. JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM GEORGE,
Criccieth

SIR,—Though admitting that your town finds it profitable to cater for holiday-makers, you think "the tide of English tourists leaves a great deal of slime as well as gold behind it."

Apparently because the visitors don't speak Welsh and play games on Sunday!

Your fierce outburst is a poor advertisement for your town, and I'm wondering what the rest of the inhabitants think of it. JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. B. ALLMAN,
Dorridge, Warwickshire

DEAR SIR,—Model 'plane flying is becoming a popular hobby, but it would prove expensive if all enthusiasts had your experience.

The valuable model you launched the other day was last seen flying 1,500 feet up, and though real aeroplanes went in pursuit it couldn't be found.

But you could have no better tribute to the success of your design.

JOHN BULL.

OFFICER COMMANDING,
2nd Batt. Royal Scots Fusiliers

DEAR SIR,—It is disturbing that the Chief Constable of York, when prosecuting three young privates for removing a life-buoy from the river bank, should remark that members of your regiment have been giving trouble to the police for some time.

This is a grave slur on an old and famous name. Why not investigate the matter? JOHN BULL.

Mrs. LAURA TAYLOR,
Mary Macarthur Holiday Home

DEAR MADAM,—I am glad to hear that your excellent memorial home is open not only to women trade unionists but to any working woman or mother in need of a holiday and rest.

As I pointed out a few weeks ago, there is urgent need for such holiday homes to be established in all parts of the country, where hard-worked women may obtain relaxation amid country surroundings and happy companionship.

JOHN BULL.

Andrews offer £250 for a Title

AND 267 OTHER CASH PRIZES

In response to many requests, the makers of Andrews Liver Salt have decided to re-introduce their popular Title Competition this year. The artist's own title for the amusing incident depicted above is "Treasure." Can you think of an alternative version—in one or more words?

£650 IN PRIZES

1st Prize	£250	5 Prizes of	£10 each
2nd "	£100	10 " "	£5 "
3rd "	£50	50 " "	£1 "

Two Hundred Prizes of 10/- each

CONDITIONS:

Write your title, which can consist of one or more words, on a sheet of note-paper. Write your name and address, in BLOCK LETTERS, in the bottom left-hand corner.

Attach, securely, the paper DISC from either size tin of ANDREWS LIVER SALT and post to arrive not later than: Saturday, June 29th, 1935, to:—

ANDREWS COMPETITION,
KILLINGWORTH PLACE,
NEWCASTLE-on-TYNE, 2.

The result will be published in the "Daily Herald" on Wednesday, July 31st, 1935.

You may send in any number of entries, but each must be on a separate sheet giving your name and address, with an ANDREWS DISC attached to each entry. The Judge's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition, and all entries remain the property of the Proprietors of ANDREWS LIVER SALT. In the event of a tie, prizes will be divided.

Your best aid towards writing a winning title for this competition will be sparkling, pleasant-tasting Andrews itself. A joyous zest for work and play comes from that state of all-round fitness which Andrews so surely helps to maintain.

ANDREWS

4 OZ. SIZE 9D LIVER SALT 8 OZ. SIZE 1/4

S.11

★ Reproduced by the courtesy of the Boro' Billposting Co., from an original poster design by T. Grainger Jeffrey, Boro' Studios, London.

Outdoor people choose it for Extra Vigour!

Cadburys Fruit and Nut

There are more miles per oz. for the hiker and cyclist with this 'food and energy' chocolate. Into every half-pound block of Cadburys 'Milk Fruit and Nut' go—170 Grapes, 15 to 20 Almonds and half a pint of fresh, full-cream Milk. How else could you carry so much nourishment in your pocket?

2 OZ 2D

Also Bournville (plain chocolate) Fruit and Nut 2 oz. 2d.

MADE AT BOURNVILLE—THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

£1,000 Won in Crossword Competition No. 367

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following six competitors, who share the £850 offered:—

Mrs. A. Brooke, 94, Wellesley Rd., West Croydon; A. Brown, 100, Morrison St., Gateshead-on-Tyne; F. Davis, 99, Woodrow Ave., Hayes, Middx.; Mrs. N. McKee, Owthorne, Seahouses, Northumberland; D. H. Pyser, 205, Aldridge Rd., Birmingham; Mrs. A. M. Ramsden, Primrose Vale, Congleton, Ches. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £141 13s. 4d. will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, June 25, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 116 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £1 5s. 11d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

Surprise Awards were won by 703 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

Turn to Page 40 now for this week's "John Bull" Crossword in which the following prizes must be won: Life Pension of 30s. a week, £300 in cash, and a £30 holiday prize annually for life, or a lump sum of £850.

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Mrs. RATTENBURY WOMEN

by A. G. Gardiner

HE modern woman has come in for a good deal of criticism during the past week in connection with the Rattenbury case.

There must have been many felt, as I felt, that the squalid of which Mrs. Rattenbury was of the principals reached its approclose in the suicide of that unwoman. She had left the court tted of the charge of murdering husband, but she had left it under ud of suspicion and with a stain of l infamy upon her that she could ope to outlive.

e had seen the wretched boy whom criminal lust had defiled and deed condemned to death for a crime hich she was more morally guilty he. And though she had two ren who needed the care of a her, association with such a mother have been nothing but harmful to

Courage only

tter that she should be out of the and that they should have a chance eginning their life under other es and outside the contamination of ghastly tragedy. There was nothing table in this woman's career, except courage in ending it.

ough of that. But there is someg to be said on the general accusa against the modern woman which been based on her painful and disng story. It has been assumed that was and is typical of a moral deration that has set in among women he result of the new freedom that come to them.

is a not unnatural conclusion, and rficially there is much to support it. rty is always liable to become ce, and it would be surprising if the lishing revolution which has taken in the status of woman in the lifeof this generation had not revealed weak places in her moral armour.

Too good . . .

n she had no political existence no economic independence, and was ly a part of Adam's household tels, "a little better than his horse, ttle dearer than his dog," Eve was leited with bouquets and compliits. She was "the Angel in the se," the dove in the nest, the theme the poet. They worked overtime ing lyrics to her, from her raven or en tresses and her eyebrows down to little feet beneath her petticoat that pt in and out as if they feared the ." Her innocence was as spotless her beauty, and she was not merely ainted by the wickedness of this d, but unconscious of it.

a word, she was much too good to true.

ow all this has changed. Eve's nishing rise in the world has swung pendulum from adulation to criti; from romance to realism. The ster saint legend is dead and the no longer write lyrics to their mis's eyebrows, or kiss her hand, or in in chivalrous gestures.

"Bold as brass"

Sir Walter Raleigh to-day spread cloak on the pavement outside ridge's to save his mistress's feet from mire the world would not admire the ion. It would guffaw at the joke.

ve has left the boudoir and the lapstage and set up for herself. She to the polling booth as bold as has her job in the City with the takes her cocktail and smokes her

"It has been assumed that she was typical of a moral degeneration . . ."

cigarette, drives her own motor-car, sports her own latch-key, visits the night club and the dancing room unchallenged, recognises no taboos of conversation or action and knows what's what.

It would be strange if on this transition from the world of romance to the world of realism the modern woman did not give our sensibilities and our prejudices some shocks. The new wine of liberty has, in some cases, gone to the head. The old Adam—or the old Eve—in her, so long repressed by social decorum, has kicked over the traces, and she is comprehensively condemned as a fallen angel who sacrifices her children to her pleasures, and devotes the time she can spare from the adornment of her person to the neglect of her duties.

I dislike these sweeping generalisations and I doubt whether they are justified. They look sensational and make good "copy," but they are what the Americans call "bunk." When the poet says that "Every woman is at heart a rake" he is talking through his hat for the sake of a clever rhyme. When the Psalmist said in his haste that "all men are liars" he knew at his leisure that he was lying himself.

Much of the mischief of life comes from generalising about other people. You remember how, in the early days of the war, when we used to talk about the Russian steam-roller that was to roll out the Germans, the Russian people seemed like a heavenly host. You could almost hear the sprouting of their wings. To-day you might suppose that every Russian had cloven hoofs and a forked tail. All because events have taken a new turn.

You cannot indict a nation as if it lived under one hat. It lives under millions of hats and every hat covers a different sort of individual. And so with women. There are some mothers who love pleasure too much and their children too little, just as there are some men who spend their money on greyhound racing instead of on boots for their boys.

But this is no new thing. There always were bad women. There were Rattenburys when women were idealised and kept from the coarse contacts of life. Jezebel has left a name for infamy, and the story of the Roman empire is a record of bad and lustful women as well as of evil men. The wife of Julian was a monster of lust and wickedness, Catherine the Great is a legend of immorality, the women of the Renaissance in Italy were as tarnished as the men, and the women of the Restoration, when the poets were particularly busy extolling their innocence and beauty, were often no better than they should have been.

Always wastrels

The truth is that there always were women who were wastrels, but the fact that modern conditions of freedom exhibit them flagrantly to the public gaze does not mean that the sex is on the downgrade or that it has been morally worsened by its plunge into the rough-and-tumble of the general life. It may in the long run mean quite the contrary. Light and open ways are a good thing and liberty can never be a bad thing.

Superficially the modern woman is not what she used to be. She never was. All through the ages, no doubt, elderly people have been lamenting that "girls are not what they were in our young days," just as the old gentleman in *Gil Blas* deplored that "peaches are not what they were when I was a boy."

But peaches are still peaches even though we have lost the gusto of youth, and girls are very much like their grandmothers in spite of the changes of fashion and social convention.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Sundaes at Sea

YE mariners of England,
Who sail upon the blue,
The First Lord of the Navy
Proclaims good news for you:
No more a penny 'apeny
For ice creams need you pay:
The main brace splice!—the penny ice—
Yo ho!—has come to stay!

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
While Jack Tars, reared on ice cream,
Man ships upon the deep;
Vanilla makes for vigour,
In wafer or in cup;
So hoist your slacks, my jolly Jacks,
And lap your ice cream up!

In response to numerous requests, the Admiralty has decided to substitute a penny ice cream for the 1½d. model hitherto supplied to the King's Navee—a decision which has been welcomed with three hearty British cheers from Plymouth Hoe to Scapa Flow.

And as further evidence of the determination of the First Lord to act like an indulgent father toward his sons of the sea, a request for the installation of a soda fountain at the Royal Naval Barracks at Devonport has been duly granted.

So apparently it will not be the fault of the Admiralty if life in the Navy does not become one long pleasure cruise. In which case it may well attract quite a different type to the traditional bulldog breed.

In fact, it is unreliably reported that several young men who had been hesitating whether to join a dance band or enter the Hendon police college have now decided for a life on the rolling deep.

Although the Ice Cream Sailor may be a legitimate successor to the Chocolate Soldier, his arrival has troubled romantic landlubbers, already disconcerted by several recent reports from the North Sea.

For instance, soon after it was decided to allow 2d. to hearties who didn't desire a daily rum ration, it was announced that 60 per cent. of the J. Tars were collecting their daily tuppences.

Presumably some of these tuppences are now being spent on ice cream or are being squandered in the course of unrestrained orgies round the soda fountain.

No wonder old-time Tars heave their tattooed chests and indulge in language unbecoming a mariner who is a bo'sun and a gentleman when they hear of such goings-on! In fact, a protest which has arrived from one such seems too mild to be true:

I am the barmy bo'sun. So, leastways, they christened me
When I called loud for grog while all the rest wos drinkin' tea!
For forty years, as man and boy, a sailor I 'ave been,
And, 'selp me bob, I never thought to see wot I 'ave seen!

The men who fought with Nelson and with Jellicoe, by gum!
They chewed their 'bacca, grabbed their grub an' swigged their tot of rum!
But in the mess larst night I saw—or was it jest a dream?—
A blinkin' quartermaster eating strorberry ice cream!

It made me go all queer; for I may live to see the day
When Nippies on the lower deck bring teas round on a tray,
Wiv dainty bits o' pastry and merangs, per'aps, a few,
To 'elp sustain the strength of sailor men who sail the blue!

Ship me somewhere east o' Suez, where a man can get a thirst,
And there ain't no Olde Worlde Tea Rooms, for I'm liable to burst!
Yes, maybe I'm really barmy, for it gets me on the raw
When British sailors take to suckin' sundaes through a straw!

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JACOB FACTOR *Plots Again*

A SERIES of remarkable conferences, attended by nearly a dozen men of various nationalities have latterly been held at certain well-known London hotels.

he proceedings, I understand, are of ery confidential character, but con- n a new campaign which has recently n commenced in this country at the tance of the notorious Jacob Factor, h the main object of making the esting public rich within the briefest ce of time.

Factor, as everybody knows, following widespread publicity given in these umns, is still wanted in London on ve charges of obtaining colossal sums m divers dupes through numerous rthless companies he promoted in nada and elsewhere.

Evasion

Victims, in one category or another, ve parted in all with something like 00,000 to this rogue and his count- disciples in past schemes, for which has so far remained unpunished.

Because of the provisions of American radition laws, Factor can evade est while he stays on the other side the Atlantic, so he naturally does not k coming over here personally to ume his amazing schemes. Thus he s conceived the audacious plan of ding shrewd and competent repre- tatives to act here in his stead. His est scheme is that these hirelings will instructed through postal or cabled rmation, or upon advice which is through other agents travelling ween America and England.

I am able to reveal that one of Factor's t important emissaries left England riedly a few days ago. He came here few months before in the name of ert Chaperau, and immediately began get in touch with certain "stock and are brokers" in whose operations eral solicitors, and officers at Scot- nd Yard, have for some time been erested.

Chaperau, in fact, had no right to be this country at all, as he was deported ne years ago after being involved, h Factor and others, in several impu- nt company ventures in which members of the public were badly swindled.

However, despite his record, he got here, and prudent enquiry revealed the fact that there was a warrant out for his arrest in another name — that of R. L. Werner. The charge to which this warrant related concerned a number of debentures he obtained on a previous visit and converted fraudulently to his own uses.

From an office then rented at Copthall Avenue, London, Werner at that time circularised people to the effect that he was able to supply valuable information relating to share speculations, and obtained money in return for which he usually did absolutely nothing.

Knowing the dangerous type of individual Chaperau is, and that he was a very old associate of Factor, the police in the City of London very properly executed the existing warrant and took him into custody. Further enquiries revealed some very interesting information about the up-to-date plans of this notorious and most successful share-pusher.

It transpired that his recent arrival in London had been achieved with the aid of a passport which he had managed to get visaed in Paris on the strength of the story that he was going from France to the Irish Free State. As a matter of fact he did not go to the Irish Free State at all, but came over from Paris to England with a week-end ticket.

Well, thanks to the well-timed action of the police, Werner, alias Chaperau, found it wise to make his departure from London a few days ago and is now on his way back to his native America, where he is certain to seek an early conference with Factor.

Trifling capital

Several other emissaries of Factor have been more lucky than Werner in this new campaign, and, newcomers to England have managed, so far, to remain here without hindrance.

Now, I wish, at this point of my story, to draw the attention of my readers to the operations of a firm called H. Wellington Scott, which recently commenced "dealings" in London. It is impossible to say whether there is any connection between Factor and this concern, but the methods employed are decidedly Factorish!

Its directors are John White, of Berkeley Court, Baker Street, London, and Murray Wellman, who gives the same address as his private residence. Both describe themselves as Canadians, and arrived here a few months ago with Canadian passports.

White is much the senior and more dominating of the two, but he and Wellman direct the destinies of H. Wellington Scott, Ltd., from Palmerston House, Old Broad Street, London. Their venture, which came into being in February last, is one of the unrecognised "stock and share brokers" type of businesses, and was registered under the Companies Act with only trifling capital.

I should say here, I think, that actually there is no person of the name of Wellington Scott in the company at all.

Apparently H. Wellington Scott, Ltd., has among its chief possessions a newspaper entitled the *Financial Forum*. This has a programme which is supposedly devoted to a "fearless discussion of stocks, shares, markets and investment problems," and is edited by Murray Wellman. It is cleverly produced, and, on the face of it, looks as though its contributors are knowledgeable people well-versed in the financial problems with which they deal in its columns.

This publication, which is circulated without charge, is also very "Factorish" in many ways. Its phraseology is descriptively American, and characteristic American slang passages are plentiful.

Doubtful bargains

I have several copies of this paper before me, and I am more than interested to observe that a number of the "write-ups" relate to a concern called Avon Gold Mines, Ltd., the shares of which are stated to be of great value.

White and Wellman have latterly offered these valuable shares for half a guinea each; and, later on, have sold them still at "bargain prices," although their value had supposedly increased from half a guinea to sixteen shillings and sixpence.

I hasten to add that, despite all these lofty promises and assertions, the shares of Avon Gold Mines, Ltd., are not quoted anywhere on the English Stock Exchange, and have so far not earned the slightest mention in any of the authentic and reputable reference books issued in Canada!

Yet, so impressive have been the contents of their printed matter, and other freely circulated literature, that investors have been invited to take Avon shares at as much as twenty-two, twenty-five and even thirty shillings each!

Although the firm of H. Wellington Scott, Ltd., has, as I have said, only been in existence for a short period of time, it does not surprise me to discover that its operations have already been the subject of enquiry by the Solicitor to the Board of Trade and by police officers.

For an offence under the Companies Act concerning its literature White and Wellman were recently charged before Alderman Sir W. Phené Neal, at the Guildhall Police Court, and fined. One of their omissions was to leave off the literature the names of the company's directors—John White and Murray Wellman.

I have now discovered that much of the impressive "writing-up" in the *Financial Forum* has been done by a journalist who now has grave doubts as to the accuracy of information handed on to him by one or other of the directors.

One of many

Another "truly American" feature of their campaign is that long-distance telephone calls are constantly being put through to clients in remote parts of the country.

White and Wellman have even got in touch over the telephone with clients in Ireland.

White, I may say, is a man well known to the Canadian authorities in his real name of Jacob Waitz. That he has chosen to assume other names, including those of White and Johns, should convince anyone that dealings with this organisation should be avoided at all costs.

Moreover, a man recently arrested by the police on share-pushing charges was, I find, a regular visitor to the office, and regarded there as being one of White and Wellman's best "salesmen."

Messrs. White and Wellman are obviously people to be kept at arm's length!

Jacob Factor (left), photographed with American reporters, has been constantly in the limelight; and there are many who are only too glad to follow some of his methods . . .

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham CHILDS

Write to

JOHN BULL

about it!

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WHATEVER THE PLEASURE

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Maimed, Shattered, Penniless . .

TWO HEROES England FORGETS

Albert Harrison, a hero in war—neglected in peace

THERE seems no end to the appalling cases of rank injustice towards ex-Servicemen maimed and broken in the Great War.

As JOHN BULL readers know, Pensions Expert has dealt with innerable instances where such men e either been denied a pension or bed off with a lesser grant than that which they were strictly entitled. rtain of these cases have been given blicity in these columns; others have n dealt with by correspondence, and en we have been successful in gain- justice for the victims.

ut fresh tragedies are still being ught to our notice, and we do not an to relinquish the campaign we e started on behalf of the afflicted. case now before us is that of Mr. ert Harrison, aged fifty-two, of 33, emarle Street, The Boulevard, Hull, o served his country in the South rican campaign as well as in France.

Bedridden

his ex-Serviceman, after a prolonged riod of unemployment, eventually suc- eded in obtaining employment with e Hull Corporation.

t last it seemed that the family's rtunes were about to improve, but after o years' work, in which period his rvices gave every satisfaction, Mr. rrison suffered from a breakdown in alth.

e had had attacks of bronchitis and thma and was under constant medical tention. Then, one night, the patient t a strange deadness in his left foot d a sensation of "pins and needles" ove the ankle.

His wife, a good comrade who had lled through years of trouble, looked her husband's foot and saw, to her rror, that it was turning black! The ctor came at once, and a brief amination confirmed his worst sus- ions—gangrene had set in.

Shortly afterwards the left foot had be amputated, and Mr. Harrison's chances of ever obtaining employment were swept away.

Chronic asthma, bronchitis, and now his left foot amputated! For months this ex-Serviceman lay on his bed with despair in his heart. He had lost his job with the Corporation; there was no question of compensation, for his disabilities were not due to his employment with the local Corporation.

His doctor's opinion was expressed very clearly as follows: "I consider that the asthma, bronchitis and the amputation of his left foot are due to war service without doubt."

That this was a fact cannot be questioned when Mr. Harrison's war record is considered.

He originally enlisted in February, 1903, and served in South Africa until January, 1908. He contracted enteric fever and was in hospital many times during the South African campaign. In February, 1908, he was discharged and transferred to Army Reserve.

Liquid fire

On August 5, 1914, he was called up for service, and a few weeks later was in France. In April, 1915, he was gassed at Ypres and was sent to the field hospital at the rear of the lines for treatment.

In August, 1915, he was recommended for the D.C.M. for gallantry in one of the early liquid-fire attacks launched by the enemy.

He was again gassed in October, 1916, and later still, at the Battle of Cambrai, he was a victim of the clouds of gas that drifted across the desolate battle-field. Following this last attack bronchitis developed, and in the No. 11 General Hospital, Rouen, he suffered from bronchial-pneumonia.

Shattered in health as a result of his war service, this man was discharged without pension in 1919.

Battling against ill-health and adversity during the post-war years, Mr. Harrison struggled on in a desperate effort to obtain work and keep it. Again and again illness overtook him and he lost his employment.

Then came the last tragic chapter in this story of hard luck. The illness which led up to the amputation of his left foot!

Here, then, is the position of this unfortunate war victim—minus his left foot, with his frail body frequently racked with asthma and bronchitis, he has been unemployed for a long period and his chance of obtaining a job is extremely remote. The household is kept going by a weekly grant from the Public Assistance Committee and the future looks black indeed.

Appeal after appeal has been made to the Ministry of Pensions. The authorities have had the reports of the doctor who has attended Mr. Harrison in his prolonged illnesses, which culminated in the amputation, yet officialdom has set its face and denies this man a pension!

The last words from the Minister of Pensions are that "the evidence submitted does not afford grounds for altering the decision already notified."

"What hopes have I got of ever finding a job with my foot and my health gone?" he asks, and echo dismally answers "What hopes?"

Another case of hardship and misery recently brought to our notice is that of Mr. J. H. Barker, of Back road, Little Oakley, near Harwich.

Mr. Barker is now practically a helpless cripple, suffering from cerebro-spinal meningitis following a shrapnel wound in the thigh and several serious bouts of malaria, which he contracted while on service in the East.

He served in the Army from January 1915 to April 1919. Anxious to return to work when the war was over, he made no claim at the time for a pension.

A year later, however, when his health broke down, he applied for and received a 40 per cent. disability pension, which was eventually reduced to ten shillings a week and finally stopped in 1924.

The deaf ear

Then for a few years this man struggled on as best he could with his employment, until two years ago when his health completely broke down.

He began to lose the use of his legs, and has now reached the stage when he can scarcely move from one chair to another in his cottage at Little Oakley.

Hospital treatment has not improved his condition, and the surgeons are unable to remove the piece of shrapnel which remains embedded in his thigh. This is a man who before the war enjoyed perfect health.

In both these sad cases here dealt with the Ministry of Pensions has turned a deaf ear to the men's appeal for justice. Ruined and shattered in health, they and their dependants are left without the solace of a pension which they undoubtedly deserve.

Though justice has been long delayed, it is not too late for the authorities to reconsider the plight of these men and save them from the bitterness of despair.

GOODNESS in ACTION

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

THE whole country has been stirred by the news of the untimely death of one of the most remarkable men of the age, T. E. Lawrence, who will e in history as Lawrence of Arabia. Boy d man he was distinguished from st of his contemporaries by the iginality of his character and his power forgetting himself utterly in anything undertook.

But I have just heard of a boy of whom e same thing is true in a way of which should be proud if he belonged to me, ough the world at large knows nothing it.

The JOHN BULL reader who sends me e story says that this fine lad has died the age of sixteen. If he had lived to anhood he would have become one of e greatest forces for good of his genera- on, all the more so because he would ver have been self-conscious about it. He was exactly like Lawrence in doing with all his might whatever he thought e ought to do without pausing to think f his own self-interest in the matter or w other people would view it.

When he was fifteen he happened to e a poor woman street-singing on a bit- erly cold and wet day. He asked his rents to give him a penny for her, hich they did. Then he went on to eep an appointment.

When he came back an hour or more afterwards he found the forlorn singer still dragging herself along in the pouring rain, singing her pitiful little song, but as the weather was so bad there were few passers-by to give her anything.

What did that boy do? He stood beside the destitute woman and, lifting up his strong young voice, sang the hymn "Abide With Me" right through until it attracted a crowd. His schoolfellows were amazed and hardly knew whether to jeer at him or not; but they watched in silence when they saw how completely indifferent he was to the publicity he was exciting. His companion could not sing for weeping.

The good-hearted Lancashire crowd quickly caught the spirit of the scene, and when presently the youngster took his cap off and took up a collection, the poor woman was given more money in a few minutes than she would have obtained unaided if she had gone on singing for days on end. A butcher gave her a joint of meat to carry home.

The story does not end there. The following Sunday it was told in Sunday school. Lancashire Sunday schools are famous: men go as well as children. The boy's father was present and said to himself as he heard it: "What a grand thing to do!" Imagine the thrill he got when presently the speaker revealed the name of the doer. Both father and mother are still living, and I am positive they would not change places with any parents on earth, though their boy is now in heaven.

There is a well-known line in Shakespeare's works in which our national poet speaks of the socially healing influence of action motived by compassion and kindly human feeling:

"How far yon little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Yes, the deed—not the sentiment without the deed. It is possible to be so troubled by another's pain that we turn away from it and try not to think about it. That is not only useless, but harmful to oneself. And there is that within us all which prompts us to rise to the level of a brave, unselfish thing when we see it done. Unfortunately, hearts may be aching all around us and we fail to notice it or to comfort till someone shows the way.

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The BAD BLONDE at the BANK

Woman's Astounding Frauds

Messengers leaving banks and shops with valuable packages have fallen easy prey to this dangerous and clever blonde

BEWARE of the blonde who waits outside banks. She is an attractive woman of forty-five years, who carries herself with the grace of a woman ten years younger.

Exquisitely attired, she passes mostly as a lady of means. At the present time Scotland Yard, and police chiefs in all parts, know her by many impudently assumed names, including that of "Ann Wellesley," and are anxious to obtain an interview with her concerning some astonishing coups she has recently effected.

Ann Wellesley has perfected her plans with such brilliance that the police authorities have felt it advisable to issue a special communiqué about her to all leading banks. In view of what we have ourselves discovered, however, we think the widest publicity should be directed to her activities, as banks are by no means the only mediums through which she effects her crimes.

A fortnight ago Ann Wellesley sat at a table near the doorway of a famous West End restaurant. A window was at her elbow so that she commanded a perfect view of the street outside.

No one thought there was anything suspicious in her interest in what was happening outside, as she looked just like a well-dressed shopper having a meal and a rest while killing time. Actually, as we shall show, she was engaged on a much more sinister expedition.

Her chief interest, in fact, was concerned with a large banking establishment opposite the restaurant, and it was upon the comings and goings of a certain individual that her eyes were really focused.

Occasionally, had anyone been watching her, she would have been seen to make a note in a little handbook which lay on the table at her side.

Eventually, after an unusually long stay for a casual customer, she left the restaurant and, hailing a taxi, drove to her hotel in Kensington High Street, London.

For several consecutive days Anne Wellesley paid a morning visit to the same restaurant and sat at the same table, or at one near to it, from which she could obtain her best view.

On the occasion of her sixth visit she left the restaurant very suddenly, hurried across the road, and, with a timing that was so accurately gauged that she might almost have crossed to the bank at some secret signal, accosted a youth as he was about to enter the establishment.

The latter was clearly taken by surprise, but, after the charming Mrs. Wellesley had engaged him in conversation for a few moments, handed her a large envelope he was carrying.

Although he constantly took money and packages to the bank for the firm of solicitors by which he was employed, he did not know, of course, in his junior capacity there, what the envelopes contained.

Imagine his surprise, upon his return to the office, to discover that he had, without any proper authorisation, parted with banknotes, cheques and certain documentary securities to which the woman who had intercepted him had not the least right or title.

He explained that she had told him that she was secretary to a very important client; that the contents of the envelope belonged to her employer, who had telephoned to the solicitor, after the youth had left for the bank, with instructions that she wanted her possessions temporarily returned to her.

Swift conquest

The names she mentioned to the messenger, and the details about his firm, were so accurate that his confidence was completely won on the spur of the moment.

He fully believed that she had followed him in a taxi, with the consent of his employer, to retrieve the property before it was lodged at the bank!

The clever fashion in which this daring adventuress bluffed the messenger will be understood fully when it is remembered that she had pre-arranged her scheme of robbery by at least a week's preliminary investigation.

Although this solicitor's clerk did not know it, Ann Wellesley had followed other messengers about for days to and from the office and the bank and other establishments. Getting to know the customs of the office and, by discreet questioning, the names of the lawyers and some of their most frequent clients and callers, she was able to tell such an accurate and convincing story that even the most shrewd and suspicious employee might have been similarly duped.

Quite recently Mrs. Wellesley, in much the same sort of way to that described in the restaurant-bank episode, maintained her vigilant watch on a diamond broker's office in the City. Very soon she discovered that a young girl was accustomed to take registered packages to a local post-office for despatch.

Once again by carefully "timing" her fraudulent scheme she intercepted the young woman and said that she was the daughter of a client who had sent her post-haste to collect some stones which he urgently wanted that night.

Anything proves to be of interest to Mrs. Ann Wellesley, and by tactics of this audacious type she has for months obtained hats, furs, cheques, banknotes, cigars, and even foodstuffs, from her easily-hoodwinked victims.

Easy victims

But her method is not always the same. Sometimes she makes patient inquiries about wholesalers and retailers who are in constant business relationship, and concocts a bogus order in the name of one to be supplied by the other!

A West London wholesale house, for example, recently received a telephonic order supposedly from a well-known client, for a variety of expensive goods. The voice at the other end of the telephone, when the order was given, intimated that the goods were required urgently, as a clerk through inadvertence had omitted to send out the order days before. Could the wholesale firm send them along by hand at once?

Half-way on the journey the messenger boy who was sent with the goods was stopped suddenly by a woman who drew up to his side smartly in a car. The woman was Ann Wellesley!

She told another of her convincing stories and, a few moments later, drove away with the goods which, in the name of the reputable shopkeeper, who was well known to the suppliers, she had calmly ordered herself.

In some of her exploits she had been aided by a well-dressed man who precedes her into the establishment and states that he wishes to make a present to his wife on her birthday.

Great charm

He selects a present which he thinks she will like, and then asks for it to be kept aside for her to see herself before it is finally purchased. He leaves the name of a local hotel, at which he is actually staying at the time, and says that he will send a cheque if his wife agrees to his choice.

Some hours later Mrs. Wellesley, in whatever assumed name she cares to adopt for the purpose, calls and, with great charm, finally says that she likes the chosen article, and takes it away on the promise that her husband's cheque will be posted forthwith.

We have discovered that the complaints being received in official quarters concerning her amazing activities are growing almost daily, so the sooner she is apprehended and punished the better for all concerned!

The Human Machine

YOU and the WORLD

IT is very easy to blame our own shortcomings on to someone or something else. It is absurdly simple to kid ourselves into the belief that there is some outside, malign fate that is responsible for things going wrong, making life difficult and generally playing havoc with our best-laid plans.

It's an easy belief and a convenient one. But it isn't true, and it doesn't do the believer any good.

If we find our plans going wrong, the quickest way to get out of the mess is to overhaul the plans and see where they are defective.

Plans that go wrong are not well-laid. They are more likely to be half-baked.

If, for the first time in your life, you acquired a motor-car you would learn something about it before you took it out on the roads and tried to drive it, wouldn't you? You would at least learn how to start it and stop it and guide it, even if you didn't trouble to go very deeply into its mechanism.

Yet most people sail gaily off into the unknown districts of Life with a machine that is infinitely more intricate and difficult than any mechanism ever devised by man, without the least idea of how to use it—without, in fact, any idea that it can be used.

It's just as silly as smashing up an expensive car by careless driving and then blaming it on the makers!

Nearly all troubles and difficulties are only troubles because they are unexpected. If we could foresee them we could take steps to prevent them coming about.

And that is the essence of well-laid plans—they go a long way to prevent troubles occurring, because they take their possibility into account and try to avoid them.

The more you use your brains, the better place you'll find the world.

A Charity Ball ha

HOW many people realise what often happens to the proceeds of some of the fashionable banquets, social "pay parties," and stately balls which are sponsored by prominent members of Society and organised in the sacred name of Charity?

Such dazzling campaigns are always in full swing, and every year all kinds of brilliantly-staged functions are arranged to take place during the London "seasons" under the auspices of all kinds of charitable institutions.

The distinguished people who lend their names to some of these affairs do so with the kindest intentions. They work hard for the cause they support, and believe that they are thus helping to make some poor invalid's burden lighter or some maimed or blind sufferer happier.

In many cases, of course, these functions are of the worthiest character, and the efforts of their promoters and supporters result in substantial funds being passed on to good causes.

But in others, professional adventurers in the background promote fashionable functions of a similar character chiefly for their own ends. It is against them that we issue a warning.

Here is an example of the sort of thing which takes place constantly.

Not a hitch

A short while ago a ball was given in the ostensible cause of a supposedly deserving charity organisation. The lavish posters and literature announced that the event was being held under the most distinguished patronage, and that many noted people were members of a business committee which had been formed to deal with the administration of the moneys raised.

Famous Society, Stage and Screen personalities were named as having agreed to appear at the ball, which was planned on a most elaborate scale.

Despite all the famous names, the organiser, who kept well out of the public eye while arranging this impressive ball and worked through the medium of nominees, was a professional "Society" charity promoter who, for many years past, has lived in the lap of luxury by spectacular exploitations of this kind.

Moulding their schemes on the same lines as those successfully adopted by genuine charity organisers, they arranged all the usual attractions, such as sideshows in which distinguished volunteer helpers were persuaded to enact tableaux and "living pictures" in character. But while the organisation left nothing to be desired, various people were really more concerned with watching their own interests, rather than those of the cause for which their efforts were ostensibly made.

Some hundreds of people, who had paid sums ranging from ten shillings to several guineas for tickets, certainly had a really good time at the ball.

Ordinary members of the public, attracted by the famous names and the alleged good work of the institution for whose funds the event had been ostensibly arranged, rubbed shoulders and danced with lords and ladies, with some of the leading actors and actresses.

Throughout the whole evening there was not a hitch of any kind. The society people thanked each other for having supported such a splendid cause, and everybody went home in the happiest frame of mind.

Perhaps the happiest of all was the real organiser, who knew that he, together with a few of his closest colleagues, would benefit more than anybody else from the proceeds of the splendid function he had so ably directed.

For the famous people whose names he had used, and whose patronage he had so easily obtained, and the public who bought tickets at the highest prices they could afford, were all duped.

The society for which the ball was held, contrary to its impressive title, was really only an alias for a number of professional charity schemers who know how easy it is to stage an event of such splendour and induce social celebrities to give it their blessing.

How many of the guests at this particular ball, we wonder, have bothered their heads for one moment as to what has happened to the money they so generously helped to raise?

The committee, which was mentioned on the literature so widely distributed during the preliminary arrangements, did not even exist.

Many of the persons who were described as members had not given permission for their names to be used in this connection. And it is not surprising that no accounts have been issued at all to show how much was raised or what happened to it.

The society in question was really not worthy of support, and though we happen to know that Scotland Yard detectives have on several occasions found it necessary to inquire into certain of its varied operations, they have been unable to take any effective action, as the promoters could prove that a small proportion of the proceeds was devoted to charitable purposes.

Professional adventurers of this objectionable kind include in their ranks a number of scheming women who, having established themselves in leading social circles, lend their names and help in the work of organising spectacular pageants, carnivals and balls for agreed rates of remuneration.

Few pounds only!

One, who at the moment is living in great style in Mayfair, was recently prominently associated with a stupendous ball which was given at a fashionable hotel. The notabilities present included prominent politicians and their wives.

This hostess, who had been so active in arranging the ball, looked radiant in her multi-coloured crinoline and white wig, and was congratulated on all sides for her unsparing energy and work in making the event such a great success.

This ball was held in aid of a certain charity which is noted for its excellent work and which expected to benefit handsomely from the proceeds. Actually the charity received only a few pounds.

But nothing could be done. The explanation given by the promoters was the usual one in scandals of this

Hundreds of well meaning folk flock to the charity ball, to see famous people in "living pictures" of famous artists, and other spectacles. But, too often the charity for which such functions are ostensibly staged gets nothing.

been Arranged . .

SHAM SOCIETY FUNCTIONS— *Amazing Revelations*

kind — the preliminary expenses incurred to make the ball such a success had been *so* heavy!

Of course they had. The charming hostess had been paid, from the sale of the tickets and moneys which were independently collected, several hundreds of pounds as her "fee."

In addition to this, it was later discovered that during the whole of the time the function was being fixed up, and the publicity work being done, her household expenses and her chauffeur's salary were also provided for.

Some of the Society people, or men and women who thrive by living on the fringe of Society circles, go much further even than this.

There is one well - connected woman who maintains a smart house off Piccadilly and makes several thousands of pounds a year through the medium of lavish functions held in aid of charitable institutions. She works with a small staff whose chief assets appear to be a secretly-compiled list of people noted for their philanthropic work, a set of street directories which cover London and several leading provincial towns, and various telephone books.

The people she approaches, in the remarkable manner we shall describe, are all chosen with great care, and are more or less certain to fall into the enterprising little scheme she has prepared for them.

One of her victims—to give a typical case—is a man living with his wife and family in a fine residence just outside a North London suburb. He was surprised one morning to receive a beautifully printed, gilt-edged card, the lettering of which was in gold, which invited him and his wife to a little cocktail party the lady in question was giving at her West End house.

He was unknown to the lady, and did not accept the invitation.

Careful trap

Had he done so he would have walked into a prettily laid trap. Over cocktails, or soft drinks and tea, which are provided by liveried flunkeys in the employ of this hostess, at the various little "At Homes" she holds regularly for a reason that will soon be apparent, she and her friends sit with the guests and soon divert the conversation into her own chosen channels.

The purport is that she is interested in a mammoth charity enterprise which is being organised. She is very anxious, she explains, to make the function a huge success, and has many ardent supporters among the nobility who will be present.

Costumes of by-centuries are to be one of its chief features; there is to be a cabaret performance, and a famous band will play throughout the evening.

Tickets are then produced at three or four guineas each, and the guests are graciously urged to give as much as they can in the great cause for which the affair has been arranged.

Few people invited to these enterprising "At Homes" can fail to pay up cheerfully in such circumstances, and do so in ignorance of the fact that the hostess is paid a handsome fee by the real organiser of the function for her pains.

And if anyone ignores the invitation, as the man we have mentioned did, they are by no means permitted to slip out of the hostess's scheme so easily. A few days after the "At Home" they are favoured with a batch of literature extolling the proposed ball and requesting them to take as many tickets as they can.

More than three quarters of the total sum raised by this hostess at a recent charity function went in expenses, while the amount granted to the charity whose name was used conspicuously on all the literature was really not worth accepting!

Gown on credit!

What can the charities themselves do?

If they try to raise funds without the use of the famous names they invariably fail to get the required support. If they employ a professional organiser who knows the ropes and can get the support of social notabilities they have to pay heavily in many cases for his or her services.

Quite recently there was a much-advertised entertainment to which people flocked in order to see and hear leading Society and Stage personalities. The "stars" gave their services free, and large sums were paid for tickets through the medium of one or another of the professional organisers.

The society for which this function was held obtained something like one-sixth of the total sum collected.

Most of the remainder had gone in "expenses"—an expression which in many of these cases covers a multitude of sins.

Few people knew that the actual organiser was really a much travelled adventurer who once created a sensation by holding a stately "charity" exhibition at which a foreign princess was introduced to the gathering in a dazzling gown which was obtained on credit for the occasion!

Abandoned

The occasion was a great triumph —for the organisers. But the "princess" was only a commoner friend of the promoter!

Some of the much - boosted events held, year after year, under the guise of some charity or other, end just as disastrously for all except the promoters.

In one balance-sheet before us there is an item of several hundred guineas, plus a substantial percentage of the profits, for the chief organiser, with a most handsome "expenses allowance." The usual string of famous people were roped in, but the amount finally left for the charity concerned was so negligible that the main object for which the money was raised had to be abandoned.

Then there was a large banquet held for the purpose of inaugurating a charitable institution which was to become something of outstanding interest in the literary and journalistic world.

A well-known Society hanger-on was concerned with this, and much was expected of the movement for which the appeal had been made in the flood of colourful publicity which preceded the banquet.

So far, the proposed charitable institution has not come to life, and no one knows what happened to the money raised by the sale of tickets and other means.

It would be possible to go on indefinitely giving instances of this kind to show how disastrous many of these spectacular and much-boomed functions are from the point of view of the charities concerned. Always so much in need of funds, the latter bodies naturally lend their names willingly in the natural expectation of getting a much larger proportion of the proceeds than they usually do.

An amazing example of how easily professional charity-mongers can hoodwink celebrities to sponsor wild-cat schemes is illustrated by the story of a banquet and ball that took place some time ago at a sumptuous hotel, at which some of the guests appeared in resplendent dress and something like £200,000 worth of jewels were worn.

The distinguished guests included a number of the highest people in the land, and large sums had been raised for the occasion from well-intentioned people in all classes of Society.

Assumed title

One of the chief speeches was made by a man with several titles, who had been taken at his word, and who had organised the whole thing in the most open and barefaced fashion, although he was a criminal with two convictions for fraud.

He had no right whatever to the titles he was using. Again no one knows what happened to the money raised, or even how much was involved, except that it must have been a considerable amount.

The real trouble about this society-charity racket is that it is hard to find a remedy. Charities in need of funds do not like to incur the expense of staging speculative celebrations themselves, and often they have no adequate staff or administrative means to do so.

Thus they stand to be exploited by adventurers who, with handsome results for themselves, are able to exploit "good causes" owing to the laxity of our charity laws without risk to themselves.

The public, too, often play into the hands of these charity exploiters by showing too little caution. They give unstinted support to many movements without troubling to make the slightest enquiry, and yet it rarely occurs to them to question how the funds they have helped to swell are expended.

So, next time you are invited to participate in some attractive function of the kind we have here described, remember our words of warning and—look before you leap!

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Round *the* World on a 'Bullet'—NO. 1

We begin to-day a "John Bull" reader's story of a different kind—extracts from the diary kept by a man who went round the world "on a Bullet."

Most of our readers will remember how Mrs. C. H. Turner, of 6, Fairview Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham, won the prize of a wonderful family world cruise with £1,000 cash and £5 a week pension in addition in our "Bullets" competition some months ago. She, her husband and her son have just arrived home again.

Throughout the fascinating journey on the luxury liner "Empress of Britain" Mrs. Turner's husband kept a diary which gives a graphic and delightful picture of the world as they saw it.

Here is the first instalment—which takes you as far as the wonderful island of Ceylon.

SUNDAY, *January* 20:—At last the long-anticipated day! After spending the night at the Grosvenor Hotel, London, we found the boat-train waiting, with very comfortable seats reserved in the first-class Pullman; then a last round of good-byes, and almost before we realise it the train glides out amidst a chorus of good-byes.

We're off!

A very comfortable journey, Sir Julian Cahn and party occupying same compartment. At Calais we find "Golden Arrow" express alongside quay. And then—Paris!

Very hurried impressions owing to darkness and speed. Narrowly avoid collision by inches at Pont Neuf.

Paris traffic amazing. Practically no control, and at cross-roads converging lines of traffic plunge gaily into the vortex and miraculously sort themselves out. Would give a London "Bobby" fits. Nearly gave me one!

Monday, January 21:—At 7 a.m. wake to find sun rising over vast lake, which at first I take to be Mediterranean. However, map shows error.

Cannes Station. Wonderful palms and mimosa growing beside platform.

Monte Carlo, dead on time.

AT our hotel, we are just tidying up when hotel porter rings up to say one trunk has arrived smashed. Will we inspect? Investigation reveals my son's trunk with side stove in. Long and voluble argument between hotel porter and authority. Much shrugging of shoulders and gesticulation, but get no satisfaction—so make best of a bad job.

Empress of Britain, the Queen of the Seas, that is to take us round the world, not yet arrived.

The Monacan "army" comprises sixty men all resplendently dressed like field-marshals. Reminds me rather of comic opera.

There is also a battery of ancient cannon and piles of iron cannon balls, several of the newest dated 1742. Hope they won't fire a salute when the *Empress of Britain* arrives!

Tuesday, January 22:—Wake after comfortable night to find brilliant sunshine coming through shutters.

Monte Carlo is very beautiful.

We inspect the famous Garden of Exotic Plants, where giant cacti, some fully thirty feet high, grow in amazing profusion. Here we converse with one of the Monacan Guards, who kindly permits me to take his photograph.

He wears a cocked hat and epaulettes, a coloured sash, red stripe down his trousers, red and white and blue twisted cords on his tunic, and a kind of short sword. He is, however, quite harmless.

And now for a real thrill! Shortly after we have finished lunch the hotel porter rushes up to tell us that the *Empress of Britain* is coming in. We hasten out, just in time to get a close view of the lovely vessel gliding majestically across the blue waters of the bay.

What a thrill to know that in another twenty-four hours we shall be embarking on her for a 29,000-mile tour!

Meanwhile, we take a motor-coach. For mile after mile our car climbs up the zig-zag mountain road.

Below the *Empress of Britain*, now dwarfed by distance to a mere speck, rides at anchor in the bay.

We drop gently down into Nice, where everyone is wearing a top coat. Next afternoon we board tender for the *Empress of Britain*.

We are shown direct to our cabins on "A" deck, the best and most expensive. Our rooms are on the port side, which is always the most favoured.

WE are amazed at the luxury and spaciousness of the ship. Our cabins are bigger than our rooms at home and fitted with every conceivable luxury. And there is a private bathroom where both sea and fresh water can be obtained, hot or cold, at will, and fresh-water shower as well.

As we sail in the morning, we send JOHN BULL cable saying "Au revoir" and wishing all "Bulleteers" success.

Thursday, January 24:—Wake 7 a.m., after very good night in most comfortable beds. Ship under way before finished dressing.

Good view of Corsica through glasses. Two hours later pass Isle of Capraja. Then Isle of Elba, where Napoleon was imprisoned, very mountainous, bleak and barren. Later Isle of Pianosa, low and flat.

The Isle of Monte Cristo, made famous by Dumas in his novel, looks a deep blue mountain rising from a blue sea. A perfect picture with wonderful colouring. Then, in the gathering darkness, the Isle of Gilgio

During afternoon attend model yacht racing competition. Good fun. Triangular course laid out on floor with divisions and penalties at certain lines.

I back No. 5 for one race, and, after leading nearly the whole course, get beaten on post by one move only.

Friday, January 25:—Rise 7 a.m., with ship entering Bay of Naples. Heaps of Fascisti hanging around quay.

Look picturesque in feathered hats and long cloaks, but what they all are doing

—"*Now the great Step Pyramid, and a camel ride!*"

seems mystery. Now Pompeii: intensely interesting but extremely tiring walking on stone-paved streets that have not been repaired since A.D. 79.

Saturday, January 25:—Arrange to visit a newly opened crater known as "Little Vesuvius."

Guide takes us right on to floor of crater, which is too hot to bear the hand on. In some places crust only a few inches deep.

To be candid, we do not feel altogether safe, but guide reassures us and we proceed.

In the afternoon intend to potter around Naples. Bought very nice real amber necklace, worth at least a pound in London, possibly double, for four shillings.

My impressions of Naples? Very beautiful so long as you keep to the bay front and the leading streets. Away from these streets dirty and often very narrow and squalid.

Just off this city with a veneer over its abject poverty and squalor, we dress for special gala dinner in honour of members who came on board at European ports.

Monday, January 28:—Arrive off Phaleron Bay, Greece, and motor through potholes many feet wide and inches deep and full of water.

But with Acropolis dominating town with wonderful white marble ruins of Parthenon and Temple of Minerva, Athens is worth it.

Wednesday, January 30:—Jerusalem!

First glimpse of Near East. See men ploughing fields with yoked oxen and camels, using primitive wooden plough same as in Biblical times. Realise force of saying "unchanging East."

Thursday, January 31:—More of wonderful Jerusalem, beginning with fine view from bedroom window.

Arabs, veiled Mahomedan women, bearded patriarchs, Armenians, Greeks, Turks, Egyptians, native water carriers with skins of animals containing water, jostle as in Biblical times. Shouting and bargaining everywhere.

Into this motley crowd blithe, bare-legged and ragged urchins drive donkeys laden with preposterous loads. The din is only equalled in intensity by the smell.

Returning to Jerusalem, go to see "the garden tomb," now thought by many authorities to be the actual Holy Sepulchre. It corresponds exactly in every detail to Scriptural details.

FEEL that here, in all probability, is the world's most hallowed spot.

In the evening a small party go to inspect King Solomon's Quarries, vast, underground, hand-hewn caverns extending miles beneath city, from which, it is reputed, the stones for King Solomon's temple were cut and prepared "without sound of hammer." So deep that no sound would penetrate to temple above.

This must be actually "home" of Freemasonry!

Friday, February 1:—Cairo-bound! Rains hard till Egyptian frontier reached, when sun comes out. We cross Suez Canal by ferry. Then—Cairo!

Sunday, February 3:—Getting up find dragoman waiting on terrace of hotel.

We have very interesting drive to re-

(*Continued on page 26.*)

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Round the World on a 'Bullet' — (Continued from page 24)

mains of ancient City of Memphis, the wind blowing great clouds of dust everywhere and tearing branches from the palms, with which parts of the road are strewn.

I don't know how our driver keeps the road in the gale at 50 m.p.h.!

Now the great "Step" Pyramid can be seen looming up out of the haze of dust and sand—the oldest of all.

We stop beside a small encampment, where four camels and a donkey await to transport us to the tomb of Ti (pronounced Tea), who, according to our guide, was one of the old kings of Egypt.

But I am otherwise informed that he was not a king, but the Court Architect who designed the Pyramid!

There is a rush for the camels, and, there being but four and our party numbering five, someone has to be unlucky. This is myself, and I get landed with the donkey—a reluctant beast which has to be coaxed from the rear with a stick!

IN the central courtyard of the tomb of Ti is a flight of steps leading below ground. We take candles and descend, and find ourselves before a low tunnel some fifteen feet long, through which we have to scramble. We then find ourselves in what would appear to be the actual funeral vault.

It is, however, only a duplicate or dummy chamber, designed to hoodwink marauders.

A further tunnel, once cunningly concealed, leads us into the actual vault. Alas! for all the elaborate precautions! The tomb of Ti had been discovered by some ancient despoilers before its recent reclamation from the desert sands. Within, little remains.

Our next visit is to the Tomb of the Sacred Bulls, where the "holy" animals were slaughtered and buried with elaborate ceremonial. I am lucky enough this time to secure one of the camels. I am agreeably surprised. The camel is not an uncomfortable beast to ride, once you have mastered the idea of letting your body swing with him.

Monday, February 4:—After visiting the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx we inspect the now deserted palace of Mahomed Ali Pasha, who is principally notorious for his treacherous murder of the 147 Mamelukes or Turkish provincial governors then ruling in Egypt.

These men he invited to a banquet, and, when they were within the citadel, he had the gates closed on them and the whole lot slaughtered. A regular royal ruffian!

OUTSIDE the Citadel at Cairo we pass a Scottish soldier wearing plaid trousers! Our fair American companion, a pretty girl, who had never seen a Scottie before, is greatly interested, and expresses her desire to "kidnap him and 'swipe' his pants!"

Cairo is indeed a city of contrasts.

Thursday, February 7:—Interesting to think we are now East of Suez! As we sail down the Red Sea there is a meeting of Travel Club. This is for the exchange of impressions and of news regarding any particular experiences or features.

I am elected permanent chairman.

Following dinner we sit and chat with Sir William and Lady Perring. Sir W. is very interesting and Lady P. is charming. He is ex-M.P. and has for many years been Mayor of Paddington. He has travelled over most of the world and is full of stories. Sit with them till about 1 a.m., when we turn in.

Saturday, February 9: I rehearse some songs for to-night's carnival. I dine in an Indian outfit purchased at home.

At one end of court is ship's band, behind draped enclosure.

It is a beautiful scene. The ship's floodlights shine on gaily dressed throng. Music, dancing, a lovely warm tropic night and the moon shining down brightly on all, complete the picture.

Sunday, February 10:—Wife remains in bed all day. Gastric influenza. After divine service Staff Captain consults me regarding arrangements for sing-song they want me to run to-night. And now the sing-song.

Words of well-known songs thrown on screen. I preside at piano and "run" the community singing. Soon get them all going.

Tuesday, February 12:—Wife feels better, although still very weak. She is allowed on deck, but can only just crawl to a chair. Many people come up and say they are glad to see her out again.

Mr. Turner and his son in a Bombay market place

Wednesday, February 13:—And now India! Awake to see lights flashing on her coast. Whilst dressing a letter is handed me from a Mr. St. George, who was formerly a member of JOHN BULL *Bullets* staff, and now holds an important position with the *Times of India*. He asks me to favour them with a call.

The drive to the *Times* office presents amazing contrasts to our Western eyes. Modern taxi-cabs and electric trams share the streets with slow-moving, springless, ox-drawn carts.

We are very courteously received by Mr. St. George and the Editor of the *Times*, and go to the celebrated "Gym" Club for "tiffin."

Back on the ship, we find my wife pale and obviously unfit for to-morrow's journey across India to Delhi and Agra. And so I make up my mind to forgo the excursion.

Thursday, February 14: We decide to take tender ashore and lunch at "Taj Mahal Hotel," my wife being better.

During meal, my wife persuades me, much against my own judgment, not to miss the opportunity of seeing the Taj Mahal and other sights.

Feel very upset at leaving her, as she is obviously very unfit, but several people staying on ship promise to look after her, she is insistent that I should go.

In the train mosquitoes keep me awake. I am just realising I am going a 1,500-mile journey, and would give much to be back on ship with wife. But too late to alter plans now!

Friday, February 15:—"Shower" in our train has no curtain. We abandon all attempts at privacy and adopt communal living. Four hours later we pull up at station. Restaurant car has broken springs and is canting over at alarming angle. Had this occurred round a bend in the night . . .

Saturday, February 16: Delhi! Dress in tropical clothes and go to breakfast. Then the car drives us into ordinary clothes and overcoats!

Just outside the station here is a modern Hindu temple. Returning to the compartment just prior to previous to dinner at the hotel, my son hears sounds of chanting proceeding from this holy building, and, accompanied by two friends, went up to see what they could see.

One of the native worshippers asked if they would like to come in and take some photographs. The entire ceremony was hung up while they secured photographs.

Before the god Vishnu was a large brass tray which was heaped up with money, including several rupee notes and lots of silver coins. My son and his friends threw in a contribution, and were received with the highest favour.

GARLANDS of flowers were hung about their necks, and a present of a particularly deadly looking white sweet was given them as "present from the god."

Sunday, February 17:—Our wonderful tour goes on! Awaking, we found ourselves at Agra.

Now we drive through native villages to the tomb of Itmad-Ud-Daula, one of the most interesting experiences we had had, giving glimpses of native life.

In a native marble worker's shop I buy a small pin-tray inlaid with cornelian and jade. Returning to Agra for lunch I buy for my wife a silver brocade bag with Oriental embroidery of peacocks in silver. I hope she will like it!

Lunch at Cecil Hotel is followed by a conjuring performance by a jovial old ruffian. He marks a small circle of chalk about the size of a halfpenny with a black charcoal cross. He then passes it to a gentleman who, at his bidding, crushes it to powder beneath his heel. The native then picks up some of the powder, and, crossing to a woman who he has not seen before, asks her to extend her palm downwards.

Stooping, he then lightly throws a pinch of dust upwards to the extended palm, and, on reversing it, there, marked clearly on her hand, is the black cross that had been placed on the disc before it was crushed.

AFTER this we see also an exhibition by a "birdman," whose tiny trained birds do feats such as threading beads.

Mr. Pollard, the ship's photographer, wants me to be photographed with a python round my neck, but I decline.

Then the Taj Mahal. To write of it is difficult. So much must always be left unsaid, for no words can convey or photograph adequately portray its exquisite loveliness.

It is the enchanted fairy place of our childhood dreams. Never had woman such a memorial.

Tuesday, February 19:—Train passes through Gwalior. We obtain view of famous fortress on rock and, later, of extraordinary hills which have bulbous tops, as if capped with giant beehives. Bombay reached in early evening, and we board tender for *Empress of Britain*.

All day I have been in a fever of impatience to get back to my wife. I discover her in bedroom, dressed for dinner and wonderfully better. Everyone has been most kind to her.

Wednesday, February 20:—Medical inspection—passengers and crew alike. Then we sail off for Colombo!!

The route taken on the first part of the cruise, described this week

(*NEXT WEEK: We shelter under the tree that gave life to dying travellers, on our way to Manila.*)

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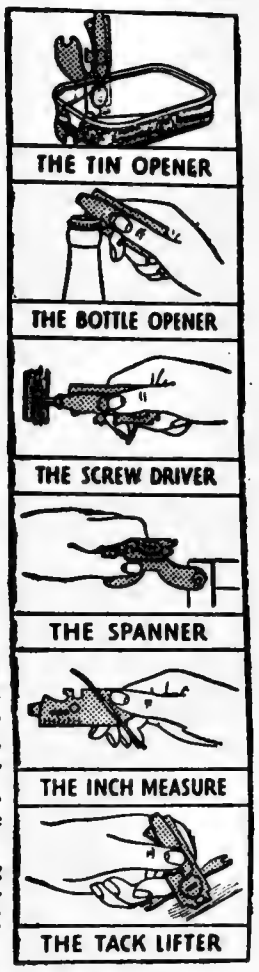

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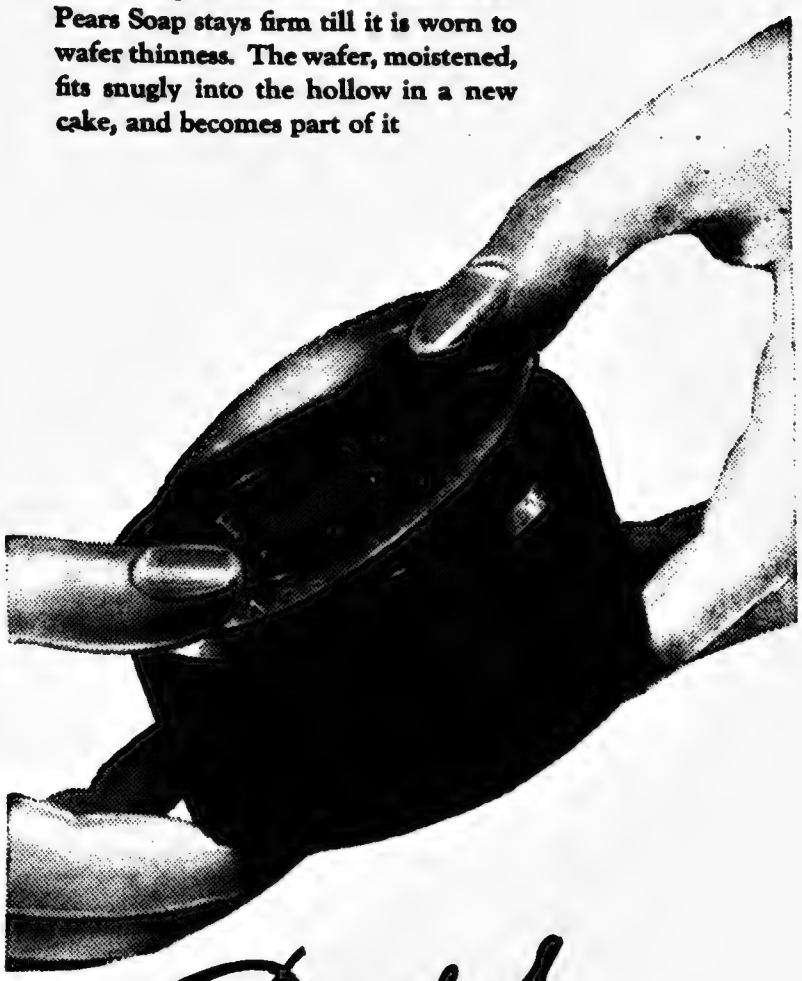

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..... 443

SECOND CHANCE —*for the Husband!*

How many cases are there where the woman gives her husband chance after chance—repentance should be accompanied by deeds, and not simply words

Human Documents

Send your private problems to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted

by Philip INMAN

I AM all in favour of forgiveness—but on terms. There are some people who can do the most outrageous things and then, simply by expressing sorrow, think that everything should be forgiven and forgotten. That isn't good enough.

It is true that the popular song runs "What can I say after I've said I'm sorry." But it then goes on, "What can I *do* to *prove* it to you that I'm sorry."

Repentance should be accompanied by deeds and not simply words. It is no use, for instance, a man telling his wife that he regrets his foolishness in associating with another woman if he still persists in meeting her. He can only show his real sorrow by acting differently in future. And yet how many cases there are where the woman gives her man chance after chance?

Here is one of them:

"As a young girl I made two ghastly mistakes for which I have never ceased to be sorry. I have tried hard to lead a good life ever since. A few years ago I met a good man, and after four years of happy married life I have a darling little daughter. Since my baby was born my husband has been carrying on with a married woman in our own street. I had it out with both of them, and they said it would not happen again. But I have discovered it continued for months afterwards.

"My husband has now admitted the truth, and promises to go straight in the future, but although he has been a good husband to me I feel I cannot trust him again. I really think the woman is the worse of the two, and that she will not rest until she has parted us. It is more than I can stand, living in the same street and seeing her day by day. Would you advise me to leave my husband and the neighbourhood and start a new home elsewhere? Or shall I give him another chance?"

Now why should this correspondent leave her husband and set up a new home elsewhere? That is just what the other woman would like. Then she would have the field to herself.

If I were my correspondent I would fight to the last ditch to keep my husband and to preserve my home. It may be hard, but the victory when it comes will have been worth the struggle.

IN order to help her, let us try to get down to the root of the matter. I wonder what first led that man astray? I ask, because my correspondent tells me she had four years' happy married life with him, and that the trouble has arisen since the birth of their little girl.

When a baby comes along some mothers make the mistake of placing it first and the husband is pushed into the background. Then "the other woman" seizes the opportunity and offers him sympathy and consolation. And from that stage the relationship quickly ripens.

If that be true in this case, it does not excuse the man's conduct, but it may account for it. I know it is not easy to recover a trust that has been badly shattered. But short of a domestic upheaval this woman has no alternative. And she has her "darling little daughter" to consider as well as herself.

Her husband has "promised to go straight in the future." She should do her utmost to keep him to his word. She must not make his good resolutions difficult to attain by showing that she mistrusts him. She must also see that he has his rightful position in her life and home. Then I believe there will be restored to her that "happy married life" which she has already enjoyed.

"Should I leave my husband?" asks this first correspondent. In my next letter the husband has already left his wife. This is what she says:

"I am separated from my husband and have four young children by him to bring up. Some time ago he was sent to prison for three months for neglecting us. Then an order was made for him to pay 25s. a week, but for some time now I have only had £1 and the rest he spends on drink. Now he is living with another woman, and says he does not want to be bothered with children and home ties. I do not know whether to get a Poor Person's divorce or let things go on as they are in the hope that they will come right one day. I have given him so many chances, but I cannot forget him, as I alone know there is good in him. I would so much value your advice."

MANY people would call this man a rank outsider. And I could not quarrel with that description. He stands condemned as a drunkard, a wife and home deserter, a traitor to his marriage vows. And yet, says his wife, "I know there is good in him." She can believe that, in spite of all she has suffered and endured.

All I can say is that a woman with such faith and courage deserves a far better fate. I hope that happiness may yet be hers. But how—that is the problem.

Is there anybody who can get at the "good" in that man? A clergyman, relative, a friend? Can he be made to mend his ways and learn to play the game? If only that could happen the woman's patience and forgiveness would be rewarded. Feeling, as she does, there seems no purpose in suing for a Poor Person's divorce. "I cannot forget him," she says. Then it is better for her to go on hoping for a reconciliation. Divorce would only widen the gulf between them. That is the last thing she wants to happen.

NOW let us look at this kind of problem from the standpoint of the man:

"I am forty-five years of age, a miner and stoneman, and work on night shift. My wife has always complained of being lonely, but I can't get work of any other grade and the only alternative is the dole. On my one night off in the week it has been my habit to take her to the pictures, and I have done everything in my power to please her, but it has been of no avail. One morning when I came home from work I found a note to say she had gone away and had taken our child with her.

"This was four months ago, and I haven't heard from her since. But tongues will talk, and I understand that she is housekeeping for a man with two sons and our child is with her sister. What would you advise me to do? I feel I can't carry on like this by myself, and my nearest relations live many miles away. If I sell up my home my wife will come on me for maintenance.

What advice can I give to this man? It all depends on how he would answer these questions. Does he still love his wife and, notwithstanding what has happened, would he welcome her back again? Or does he feel that she has killed his affection by her conduct?

If the latter, and there is no hope of his love for her returning, then he should approach the local magistrate and obtain a separation order.

If, however, there is any hope of assuming their relationship as man and wife (and for the sake of the child I trust it may be so), then his best plan would be to trace his wife and have a frank talk with her.

Possibly by this time she has regretted her action and will welcome a chance of returning to her home, her husband and her child. I only hope it will be so.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE DAILY MAIL:—"The last ray of the SLINKING sun fell on her seamed old face."

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"A man carrying a bag of HALF-CROWDS walked in."

CLECKHEATON GUARDIAN:—"The Bank of Canada will issue special 25-dollar notes and one COLLAR coins."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH:—"A WREATH of orange blossom held the veil."

DUNDEE EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"Potatoes for the Unemployed—The Board pays 55s. a SON to the farmers."

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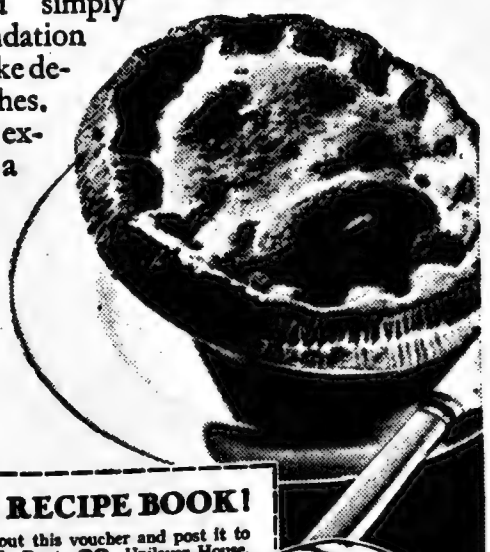

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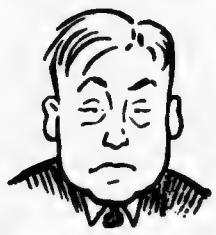

Mr. Smith

chewed a

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Secret that Can't Go Untold—

A JURY of seven sat at Wells in Somersetshire the other day, to consider one of the most amazing cases ever ventilated in a coroner's court.

For six hours they listened to evidence regarding the mysterious death of a humble labourer, Lewis Thomas Rowlands, of Yeovil, without fixed abode, who dwelt in an ordinary lodging house.

We say unhesitatingly that the circumstances in which Lewis Thomas Rowlands died should shock the whole nation.

The institution in which Rowlands died was the third to which he had been taken for sanctuary during the week preceding his untimely end.

Little is known of him except that he had lived apart from his wife for ten years. He was a man who lived a lonely existence—without the least doubt, he was an unhappy man.

Early last month he was absent from his employment for a day. When he reappeared he seemed to be dazed and not quite clear in his mind.

No diagnosis

Yet it is a sad fact that nobody appears to have taken an interest in him; nor did Thomas Rowlands complain of being ill.

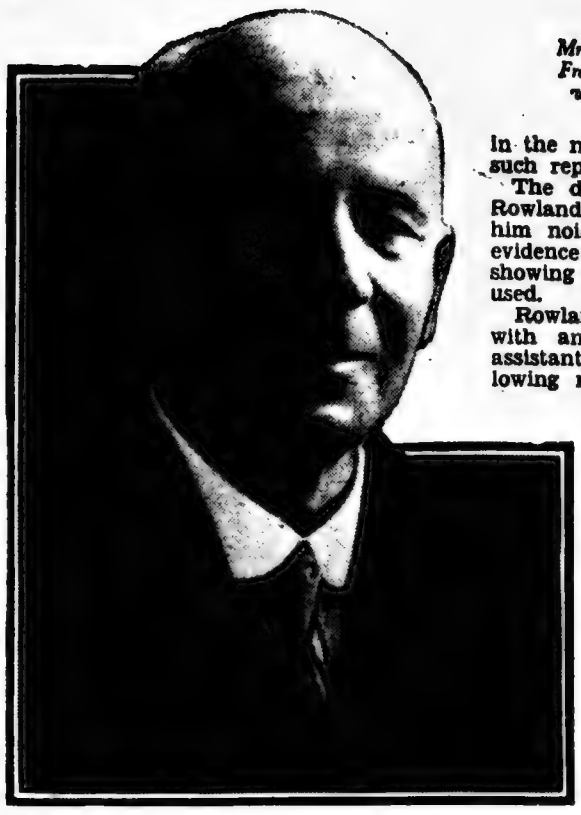
At noon on the following day he went to an inn, and from thence to his lodgings where he spent the afternoon. Towards the evening he was removed by ambulance to Wincanton institution, where he was detained for two days.

No diagnosis was made, and as there were no male nurses in attendance there Rowlands was removed to Frome Institution in a taxi-cab, accompanied by a porter. In due course he was received by the master and taken to a dormitory by a porter and an attendant, who saw no reason for undue alarm.

In the light of the searching questions put by the coroner at the subsequent inquest the period during which Thomas Rowlands was detained in the Public Institution at Frome is of vital significance.

He was restless, and the doctor who was called placed a reliable man in charge of him. This medical man, who gave evidence at the subsequent inquest, found no injuries on which to report.

Rowlands was made more or less comfortable for the night. Had it been necessary to restrain him, the fact would have been reported to the master in the normal course of events, but such report was ever made.



Mr. J. Button, chairman of the Frome Public Assistance Committee, which should investigate this case

The doctor at Frome, who certified Rowlands to be a mental case, found him noisy and uncontrollable, but evidence was produced at the inquest showing that any unnecessary force was used.

Rowlands spent the night at Frome with an attendant and two inmate assistants in charge of him, and the following morning he was taken to the mental hospital at Wells.

Soon afterwards he was examined by the assistant medical officer, who almost immediately found signs of terrible injuries.

This doctor found clots of blood in Rowlands' right nostril, and bruises on his arms, his legs, and on his chest. On further examination he found that thirteen ribs were broken and other injuries, particulars of which he at once revealed to the medical superintendent.

This was now Rowlands' fifth day in the care of public institutions in his native Somersetshire, yet not until he had been certified insane was it found that his condition was critical.

He was faint and dazed, and quite unable to account for himself. His pulse was weak. The senior medical officer at Wells called in a third doctor who considered the advisability of performing a surgical operation.

But it was then too late to save Lewis Thomas Rowlands, for the next morning he died. He had sustained seven broken ribs on his right side, and seven broken ribs on his left side. He had also suffered multiple injuries to his chest.

The senior medical officer at the third public institution at which Rowlands was admitted in a dying condition had never before known a case where a patient had been brought in with broken bones.

It was in these circumstances that the witnesses who attended from the Frome Public Assistance Institution were called and certain of them were warned before they gave evidence.

But though they have been questioned very thoroughly on all points affecting the tragedy, the exact manner in which the unfortunate Rowlands came by his terrible injuries still remains a complete mystery.

The coroner had no alternative than to return an "open" verdict, yet the jury unanimously agreed that the injuries from which Rowlands died were sustained by him during the night he spent in the Frome institution.

That being so, it is surely desirable that the investigations should be carried further.

A DARK *Asylum Tragedy*

Public not told

So grievous a scandal cannot be allowed to rest there. The mystery must be probed. The Frome Public Assistance Committee should leave no possible stone unturned in endeavouring to get to the bottom of the whole lamentable business.

That his death should still be surrounded by mystery is a matter for grave anxiety. That he went days without being thoroughly examined by a doctor reflects badly upon existing regulations. That no minister visited him in the hour of his distress is lamentable.

An open verdict! The mystery is nearer solution after six hours of investigation by a Coroner's court. The public left completely in the dark. Could anything be more unsatisfactory? Here, surely, is a scandal that should be probed to the full to ensure that such a lamentable tragedy can never occur again.

We sincerely trust that the appropriate authorities will lose no time in calling for all the relative documents and probing the evidence to the full. Failure to do so will leave a disquieting impression on the public mind.

"The Greatest of These—"

Her Jubilee Night

Beatrice

BEATRICE celebrated her twentieth birthday on Easter Sunday. She was born in darkness in 1915 during an air raid, when all lights had to be extinguished. Her dad was then at the front. He died in 1927 from t.b.

His widow was left with seven children under fourteen. Five are now married, in poor circumstances and unable to help.

A boy who is at sea gives her 10s. a week, which, with her 10s. widow's pension, is her sole means.

If things had gone better for Beatrice she would be a wage-earner, helping her mother. As it is, she is a complete invalid and has suffered much during her twenty years.

When a child of eleven she had to undergo hospital treatment for her eyes. At sixteen she was treated for rheumatism, and has been in hospital many times suffering from gastritis. About three years ago, shortly after being discharged from hospital, she was resting on a couch when a street lamp standard came crashing on to the house.

Her mother, who was ill at the time, waiting to enter hospital for an internal operation, rushed forward to save a picture falling on Beatrice and cut her hands badly. The shock of the affair had a disastrous effect on the girl. She has fits at times, and the nerves down one side of her body are diseased.

On Jubilee night her attack of nerves was so severe she had to be removed to hospital, and is now being sent away indefinitely for treatment.

Her mother, who has never been strong since the birth of twins and has been in hospital four times, is ill at present and should be receiving treatment. No compensation for the damage to her daughter's health through the fall of the lamp standard has come her way, as she was too ill at the time to see about it and now it is too late.

In addition to being ill and anxious about Beatrice she is worried because her rent of 5s. a week is £5 in arrears.

Now she feels if she could only get straight she could settle down and undergo the treatment she needs for a growth in her neck and other troubles.

If our readers will send donations earmarked 'Beatrice" they, as well as those for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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CURES PILES

LOST in the SAHARA

IMAGINE yourself going two hundred miles out of your way to get a few pints of water in a Surrey village only to find, when your tongue is swollen to twice its size and your limbs have difficulty in bearing you, that it is all dried up.

Now conjure up the full horror of realising that your next chance is at Edinburgh, hundreds of miles away across a blistering landscape that changes out of all semblance at the whim of the wind, and that you can only make your staggering, agonised progress by night because the ground is too hot for your feet by day.

You will have some idea of what the Sahara, the desert of doom, can be like when she is not at all in one of her unkindliest moods.

The mind is incapable of picturing what she can be like at her worst. Explorers who have suffered indescribable nightmares forget them within a few months, just as if the memories are acids so strong that they eat their way out of any container.

Only when we hear of the dreadful fate of some poor wayfarers of the desert—as we did the other day—do we get a hint of it.

THE story of what they endured before death mercifully overtook them epitomises the sufferings of Joseph Ritchie, who died raving for drink, Lieutenant Palat, murdered by a wild tribe, Bary, who is believed to have suffered the same fate, Blanche, who succumbed to fever, and of scores of other explorers whose bones bleached in the desert before Man first penetrated its inner secrets as recently as 1899.

The central figures in this latest drama were Mrs. Knight, a widow of twenty-five, daughter of a Hereford doctor, and whose husband was killed in an aeroplane accident in the Sahara as recently as April 11 last, Mr. Peyton, an Englishman, and two Frenchmen. Together they set out by car to cross the desert, visiting the spot where the aeroplane accident occurred.

Searchers who went out for them when they were several days overdue will never forget the horror of their discoveries while they have breath in their bodies.

They came across the two Frenchmen in a hole they had clawed under the car. They had shrunk to the appearance of human scarecrows, had beaten their thighs and bodies blue in the agonies they suffered, and raved in their delirium not of their sufferings or tortures but of the spurting fountains, ice-cold drinks, placid lakes and cool wells they fancied they saw.

The search party knew what that meant. Men who have died in the Sahara's vast waste have always pictured these things and babbled of them in their extremity.

The searchers moved on—to worse horrors, although they didn't know it at the time.

MRS. KNIGHT had pushed on another mile—such miles are eternities—only to fall helpless in that blistering sand. There she had hacked at her throat and wrists in an effort to end her agony. Her thighs were cut in a desperate effort to find an artery. And the flattened sand around showed how she had rolled in indescribable torture before the end came.

And Mr. Peyton, her companion? He had covered just one more of those terrible miles. There, only four miles from the water that he wanted to save his companions, they found him with his hair torn from his head, large handfuls of it clutched in his dead fingers.

There are many stories just as terrible as this in the blood-curdling history of the Sahara. The occupants of a British aeroplane who set out to find a lost car in 1933 can tell of one.

They sought a Mr. and Mrs. Lamantia who had set out for Tripoli in a car driven by their chauffeur. They found evidences of a tragedy, the full horror of which can only be guessed at.

They found the man dead in the arms of his wife—a woman whose face had been blistered by the sun out of human semblance, and whose tongue was too big for her mouth. What she tried to shout in her delirium they could not tell, for she had lost all powers of articulation, but that dreadful smile told of the balmy dreams of springs and fountains that were filling her temporarily mad brain. The man had died of a snake-bite. He had been dead three days. All that time she had held him in her arms, striving to shield him from that murderous sun.

As for the chauffeur, who had probably gone in another direction for help, they found not even a whitened skeleton to tell them what happened.

A skeleton in the Sahara! What terrible stories of human suffering it can conjure up.

Somewhere there there are the bones of Captain W. N. Lancaster, the record-breaking English airman, who flew off from the lonely Sahara outpost in 1933 and was never seen again. Not even a trace of his machine was found. Of what he suffered, who can guess?

There are the occupants of two lost Spanish planes still to be found, and the three French airmen who could not be traced although searchers found their pilot lying in the wreckage of their machine, his face almost stripped of flesh by the sun, and babbling in his delirium of those cool dreams the Sahara bestows in its wicked jest.

WE hear of them because they are airmen. But of many other men not a word reaches the outer world.

How often has a member of the M-zab or some other tribe—in the dread Sahara there is only life where there is some faint hope of catching the rains that fall every three, four or five years—held out a grim bone to a wayfarer and said; "Man. He white"?

Three words to tell a life story—a story with the most dreadful end any can ever have.

One has to think in terms of contrasts to get a faint picture of the dreadful desert.

Covering three and a half million square miles, it is thirty times bigger than Great Britain. One part that is five times as big as the United Kingdom has only one track, and that one fraught with death; and only seven oases.

When Lieutenant R. J. R. Kaulback, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, was exploring with a party only a few months ago, they found the expected source of water was bone dry. The next was a hundred miles away. That was supreme luck. They were just able to crawl the last mile to it, with those delirious visions beginning to make an appearance in their minds.

As to the conditions that exist there, the best story is told by Captain G... ville-Reach and Lieutenant Ro... Mathieu, two explorers who all but di... in its torrid wastes. What a pictu... they present.

One day a stifling, unbreathable ... was killing them. Think of air so h... that fanning makes it hotter! O... flies lived there, flies in millions, buzzi... round in swarms.

They clung to their skin, entered th... nostrils. Hungry and thirsty the... selves, they clustered round the mou... of the men and sucked at the corne... immovable until killed, when there w... thousands more to take their places.

The explorers even traversed des... where nothing could live for long—n... even flies. Because there were no jack... or vultures to pick their bones, cam... that had died years since lay dried li... everlasting flowers in the sun, seemi... to need only water to revive them.

Then the explorers experienced drea... ful cold, pneumonia cold, welcomed o... because it promised rain to men dy... for water. And finally the gall of see... the rain pouring from huge, bla... clouds and being evaporated by blist... ing winds before it reached the sa... and the pigmy-men who knelt on th... praying for water.

UNDER such conditions, in 1932, t... young Englishmen were fac... with the dreadful problem ... deciding whether to conserve th... water, and allow their camels to die ... thirst, or whether to keep the beasts ... burden alive and run the risk of dy... themselves.

It was a gamble with death—and th... won. They painted the inside of t... camels' nostrils with the precious wa... afraid to let them drink it outrig... Themselves they starved of drink, s... fering untold agony and seeing tho... dreadful cool vistas. . . . But they s... to safety on the last drop out of th... bottles.

That, then, is the Sahara, if ma... words can describe it at all.

Think of it when you turn on yo... household tap and release real water. ... the torture men suffer in the Sahara ... wastes for drops of water like those th... splash up from your sink.

that murderous, pitiless sun . . .

—The Most Terrible Fate of All

"Who wouldn't be proud of a fine sturdy boy like that, Mrs. Brown. I hear he's doing well at school too.

He's twice as robust as when last I saw him, but there, I knew that 'California Syrup of Figs' taken regularly would do him the world of good.

My experience with children of all types and ages has taught me that to keep the bowels regular is to keep them healthy. 'California Syrup of Figs' will do this naturally and safely, and so I recommend it always, especially for warding off those annoying colds and illnesses which do so interrupt schooling.

'California Syrup of Figs' by its stimulating effect on the system brings healthy appetites and ensures radiant health in growing boys and girls.

I find 'California Syrup of Figs' is the ideal laxative for adults, too. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Brown, I use it myself and recommend you to adopt it for the whole family."

At all chemists 1/3 and 2/6 the bottle. It pays to buy the larger size. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

"California Syrup of Figs"
BRAND
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 35.

BEAUTIFUL WHITE TEETH ARE IRRESISTIBLE!
IMPROVEMENT AFTER FIRST DRY-BRUSHING WITH KOLYNOS. TEETH LOOK BRIGHTER

Quicker Way to Make Teeth Whiter.

Try Kolynos. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. A half-inch on a DRY brush morning and night will improve your teeth at once. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look shades whiter—whiter than you believed possible!

This remarkable dental cream foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs which cause stain, tartar and decay. It cleans every tooth surface, banishing yellow streaks and stain. Thus your teeth are cleaned perfectly—right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury.

TRIAL SIZE 6D 1/6 SIZE NOW 1/-

NEW LARGE SIZE 1/9
Ask your Chemist for particulars of HANDSOME BATHROOM FITTING FREE

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

ACCEPT THIS JUBILEE GIFT!

Official Royal Mint Jubilee Medal (in solid silver) given FREE to every purchaser of BENSON'S "SILVER JUBILEE" WATCH

Shown above are actual size illustrations of Benson's "Silver Jubilee" Watch, Price £3.5.0, and the free Silver Jubilee Medal. They will be sent to you in handsome velvet-lined case, as shown below.

YOURS FOR 3/- DOWN

AN AMAZINGLY LOW FIRST PAYMENT OF 3/- with order and you're the owner of Benson's handsome "Silver Jubilee" Watch! This splendid, guaranteed timekeeper has a 15-jewelled lever movement, a strong double-bottom case of solid silver, and a special safety bow (chain ring at top) which cannot be twisted off. It bears the special Jubilee Year Hall-mark which will not be used after 1935. ***Order the watch now, and Benson's will send with it, entirely FREE, the official Royal Mint Jubilee Medal in solid silver.*** After reduced first payment of 3/-, balance of cash price of watch (£3.5.0) is payable in 12 reduced monthly sums of 5/- and final sum of 2/-. No interest. Post coupon TO-DAY for full details and Special Order Form.

Accept this FREE offer—Post Coupon NOW!

OTHER BENSON OFFERS. *You may purchase any of Benson's pocket or wrist watches, chains, rings, jewellery, clocks, etc., on easy monthly terms. Post coupon for catalogues or call at Benson's Showrooms.*

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WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS SINCE 1749
J. W. BENSON, LTD.,
62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4

☐ A Pocket Watches, Chains, etc.
☐ B Wristlet Watches
☐ C Rings & Jewellery
☐ E Plate, Cutlery, etc.
☐ F Clocks

Please put a X against Catalogue(s) required.

Please send me, post free, the illustrated Catalogue(s) I have indicated, full details of your "Times" System of Monthly Payments and details of your "Silver Jubilee" Watch with free Silver Medal.

J.B. 15.6.35

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

MORE *please!*

Appetites don't need coaxing when you serve

KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

Just watch the kiddies' eyes sparkle when there's Kellogg's Corn Flakes around! How they love the crisp, crackling, golden-brown flakes—choc-a-bloc with flavour and goodness!

Mothers know Kellogg's Corn Flakes give the children energy without taxing delicate digestions. Serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes often with cold milk or cream or with fruit added as a treat.

The WAXTITE bag keeps them oven-fresh and flavour-perfect always. Ten big helpings in each packet. No cooking or bother. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

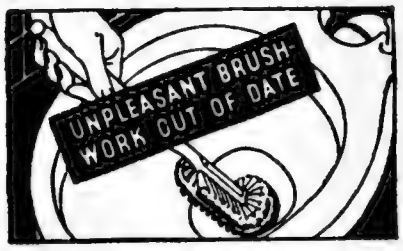
Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA

938

THE BIGGEST VALUE IN CEREALS

Can people feel like this about *YOUR* lavatory?

Will friends criticise your lavatory and think you "careless?" They won't if you use Harpic. There's no need for unpleasant brushing — just sprinkle Harpic, and your lavatory-pan will be spotlessly white, fresh and sanitary. Free from all germs and odours. And Harpic does more — it sweeps right round the bend in the pipe where the brush cannot reach. The best time to use Harpic is last thing at night, when it can work undisturbed for several hours. Don't keep dangerous acids in the house — use Harpic. In NEW EASY-FLOW TIN. Prices 6d., 1/- and 1/9.



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Phensic
BRAND TABLETS
will relieve your PAIN
without endangering YOUR HEART
Phensic is used by Doctors, Nurses and Hospitals throughout the country.
QUICKEST, SAFEST for
ALL NERVE & RHEUMATIC PAINS
Sold Everywhere 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

deKUYPER'S Lemon GIN
— another member of the famous family!

29·68 KNOTS . .

Can the 'Queen Mary' Beat It?

ONE thought alone fills the minds of British people reading of the continued jubilation in France now that her monster liner "Normandie" has crossed the Atlantic in eight minutes under 4½ days, wresting the record from the Italian "Rex."

What will our own great hope, "Queen Mary," do when she sets out on her maiden journey next May?

On the answer depends a great deal of national prestige and the million pounds of shipping business a year that goes to the winning country, whether the record-breaker herself is working at a profit or, as is usually the case, a heavy loss.

Well, the Cunard-White Star Line itself is not going to try to set our minds at rest. "I am not speculating whether the 'Queen Mary' will beat this new record," is all that the head of the company, Sir Peter Bates, will say to those who hope that our new liner will regain the Blue Riband of the Seas lost by the good ship "Mauretania."

Small margin

But we shall do more than speculate on it.

We are revealing what our leading designers know to be the case when we say that the "Queen Mary" will beat the French wonder-ship by a small margin, that if we lose it temporarily to another vessel we shall win it back by a small margin yet again.

Whatever any other country does, *we will surpass it with the very next ship we build for speed*, for the very plain reason that in design, both of hulls and engines, we have kept ourselves since 1838 a steady 10 per cent. in front of the rest of the world.

We are always in a position to win by a big margin—but not mad enough to ruin ourselves financially by doing so.

In fact, as the late Sir Charles Parsons, the eminent engineer, assured British shipping leaders not very long ago, British shipyards can produce a world's biggest liner capable of 35 knots an hour, as against the "Normandie's" 29.68 for the crossing, whenever a company is prepared to pay the price.

And that word "price" is the key to the whole speed question.

It doesn't pay

It explains, to begin with, why we don't jump six knots ahead of our nearest rivals at one bound, and so put the issue beyond doubt.

Maritime speed is such a fabulously costly thing that it doesn't pay a shipping company to put up the record by more than a mere half-knot or so. In fact, a ship that is paying handsomely at 20 knots might become something of a burden at 25 knots, and be heading the company for bankruptcy at 30, supposing she could do it.

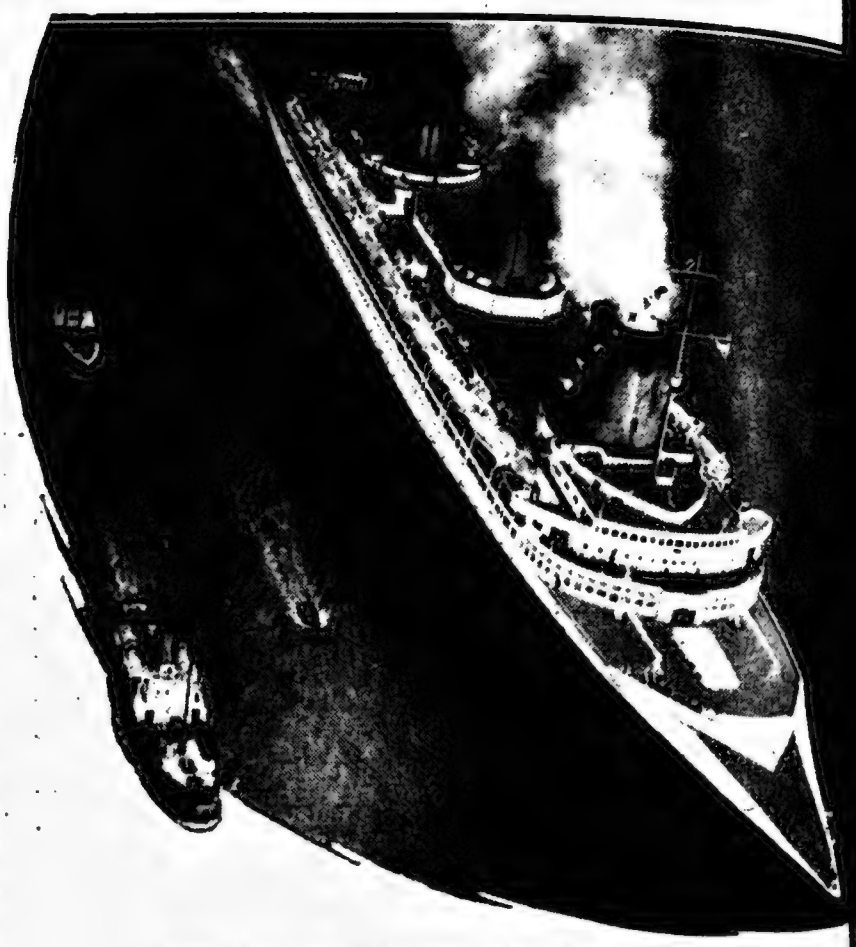
It isn't as if doubling the speed is merely a question of doubling the engine-power. "An extra knot can cost as much as the first ten" is an old shipyard adage.

Not until the latest liner of some other country wins the record at 34½ knots shall we build for 35—and tremble at the ruinous cost of the strengthened hull, the vastly bigger turbines and the immense increase in fuel used.

And by then our designers will be ready to show us how to build for 38—if we can afford it!

What cool, calm thinking and frenzied effort has gone to keep us a knot or so ahead of our competitors since 1838, when the idea first dawned that the Atlantic was the testing-ground of mercantile supremacy, and British effort presented the world with the "Sirius," to astonish by crossing in 17 days.

Almost at once the "Great Western" came into it and caused general amazement by doing it in 15 days. Then, spurred by the rumour that America was building for something better still, the sleek British clipper "Dreadnought" set about it.



The giant French liner "Normandie" begins her record-breaking voyage
The "Queen Mary" is believed to have a better turn of speed

Floating rag-yard

But speed has to be paid for, whether you pay in fuel or canvas.

Her skipper packed her with sail and "cracked" it on until it blew to strips and dragged in her wake. And so she reached New York looking more like a floating rag-yard than a ship, having lowered the record to the phenomenal figure of 13 days.

No wonder the Americans called her "The Wild Boat of the Atlantic." They always have a name for these record breakers. The "Normandie" has already been christened "The Floating Sky-scraper." What will the "Queen Mary" be nicknamed?

Well, the American threat matured after the Wild Boat's wonderful performance. An American boat won the Blue Riband back for a little time.

Then right on to the 'eighties it was a ding-dong battle between England and America, with this country always able to go one better. We held our rec for years—America for months.

It wasn't until 1897 that Germa came into it. From then until 1907 wrested the record on two occasi with the "Deutschland" and "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse."

The latter was in proud possession the record when the news came t the Cunard Company intended to down two new ships. They proved to the "Lusitania" and the "Mauretani

Little did our foreign friends rea that they were saying good-bye to Blue Riband for 23 years.

"Mauretania" lost it for one y only, and then didn't mind. It was her sister ship. Then she won it b to hold it for an unbroken 21 years, relinquishing it until old age compel her.

She still holds some of her sp records, although she is now ready the shipbreaker!

It was the "Europa" that wrested from her. The rest—how the "Breme won it from her, the "Rex" from "Bremen" and now the "Normandi from the "Rex"—is recent history.

Sufficient to say that the "Breme cost £3,000,000 and the "Normandie" bigger boat, it is true—£11,000,000. T will give some idea of the first cost speed.

The little more

The "Normandie's" engine power 160,000, and the "Queen Mary's" will nearly 190,000, but the speed cannot estimated from that. An extra 30, horse power can make surprisingly l difference to such huge liners—wh they are hunting for that costly ex knot.

But the "Queen Mary" will do You'll see. The French boat should about 31 knots with her engines run Wait and see our ship do 32!

And so it will go on, with Brit always keeping a knot or so in ha until one day the passengers and cr on the latest crack Atlantic greyhou will look up and get a surprise.

There, above them, will be a liner the air, ferrying across the Atlantic actual passenger service.

The day of the Blue Riband will h begun to set.

HURRY FOR 10,000 SMILES!

To secure a lifetime of laughter you must act within the next few days. After that the opportunity of securing "The Great Book of Humour" will be gone for ever.

This mammoth JOHN BULL Presentation is making publishing history. Turn to pages 4 and 5 and make it yours to-day.

FROM PARIS comes a NEW KIND OF FACE POWDER

French Chemists, after years of research, have discovered a new face-powder which completely ends shiny nose and greasy-looking skin. It gives a perfect 'matt finish' which lasts for 8 hours. Neither heat nor perspiration can spoil it.

The secret is a new ingredient called 'Double Mousse' now contained in the New Poudre Tokalon. This makes the powder moisture-proof. Prove it for yourself by this simple test. Cover one finger with the New Poudre Tokalon, then dip your finger in a glass of water. Take it out, and notice your finger is not shiny and wet but *perfectly dry and 'matt'*. The powder withstands the moisture because it contains 'Double Mousse'.

Your skin cannot become shiny when using the New Poudre Tokalon. You can dance for hours in a hot room and have a complexion as fresh and lovely as when you began. New Poudre Tokalon has been adopted by all the smartest French women. Try a box to-day and see how amazingly different it is from all other powders because it is the only one with the 'matt finish' secret. The fascinating girlish complexion it gives you will be the admiration and envy of all your friends. 6d. and 1/- a box.

STAND UP FOR YOURSELF!

BRITSU—the perfected British System of Self Defence—protects you against bullies and roughs. Even if armed with knife, club or revolver, your opponent can be rendered helpless in a flash. You do not need great strength, but Britsu actually builds up your muscles and gives you the science and skill against which mere brute force is powerless. Within a few days you will be able to defeat an expert pugilist. Hundreds of enthusiastic Britons have already acquired self-defence by means of this new and GUARANTEED British System.

SEND TO-DAY FOR FREE INTERESTING BOOKLET

THE BRITSU INSTITUTE,
23, Greycoat Galleries, Greycoat Place,
London, S.W.1.

The ALADDIN'S LAMP of TONICS

Here is a wonderful Tonic which makes a real man or woman of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthens you, hope cheers you, life is worth living again! It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—"FOX BUTS" (the "Blue Lion" kind)—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Send for Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices: 1/8 (30), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432).

Privately packed and post free from

Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.
(Dept. A.B. 97), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

A Father's word—

In letters written of their own free-will, hundreds of parents give their heartfelt thanks for Nestlé's Milk. Unsought, unsolicited, these letters come to Nestlé's. There could be no better, happier tribute.

"When our baby son was just under three weeks he was sent to G——— (a famous children's Hospital), where he was X-rayed and it was discovered that he had been born with a tumour between the stomach and the bowel which meant an operation at once. His weight when he entered the hospital was 5½-lbs. and after his operation they started building him up with just a few drops of Nestlé's. When he left there at the end of ten days he was taking 3 ozs. every four hours.

He was on your milk for six months and he gained steadily half a pound a week. He will be a year old on the 26th of this month and it is agreed that he is one of the finest and fittest babies one could wish to see. We feel we owe a great deal to your wonderful milk."

MR. E.E.S.O., THORNTON HEATH.

Large size 7½D *Small size* 4D

NESTLÉ'S MILK

COPYRIGHT

The "John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—TESTED JB. In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

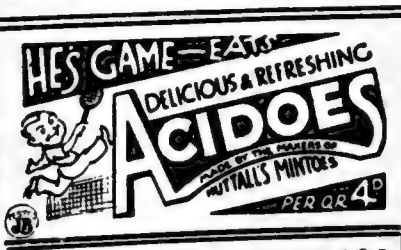
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21 or 23in. Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Level grip adjust. Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/-monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

6/- NOW Supplied Marconi, Red, Blue or Black as desired.

J. B. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD



Don't overlook the Bargains on pp. 2 & 3
and the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on p. 16.

FREE CATALOGUE

of BENSON'S Famous Watches, Jewellery, etc.

SPECIAL JUBILEE GIFT OF ROYAL MINT JUBILEE MEDAL IN SOLID SILVER —FREE!

—See p. 33.

AN outstanding example of Benson's famous watches, known throughout the world for their sterling quality appears on p. 33. It can be yours for only 3/- with order! Send the coupon for a copy of Benson's Free Catalogue and particulars of their free Silver Jubilee Medal Gift offer.

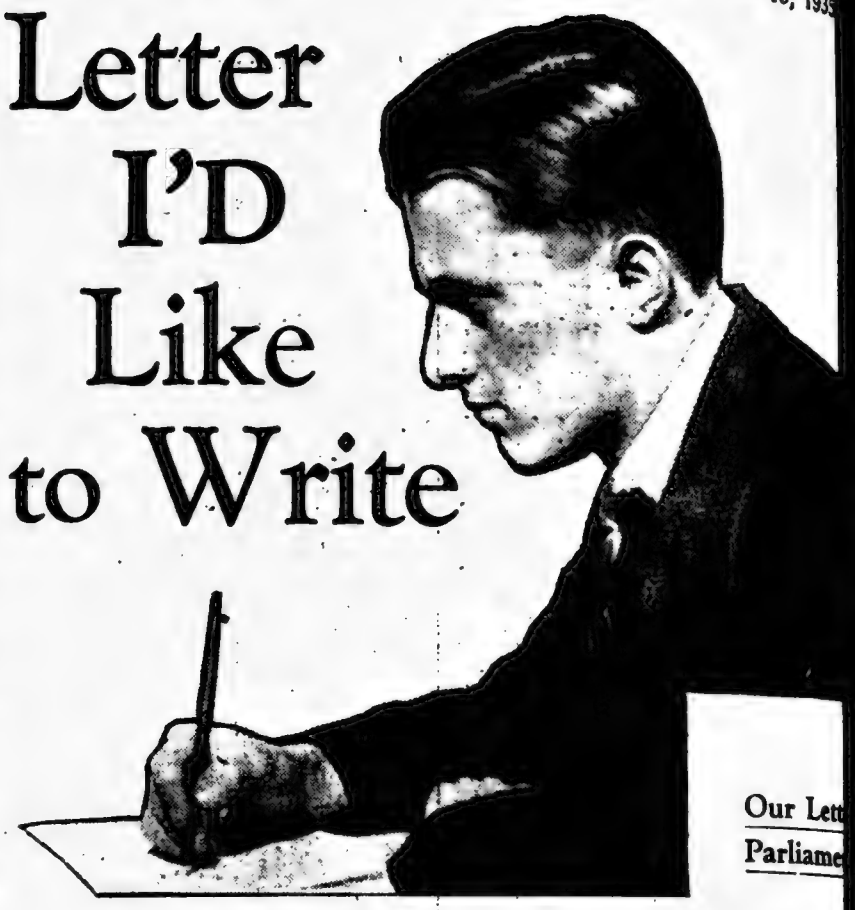
FILL IN COUPON ON P. 33

"It's twice the fun now I've got my Rudge"

RUDGE
WHITWORTH
THE PEDIGREE BICYCLE

5/- DOWN
Secures a pair of
RILEY'S BOWLS
120 PAIRS FREE
Write to-day for full details
E. J. RILEY LTD.,
Dale Works, ACCRINGTON,
or Dept. 74, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

Open Letter I'D Like to Write



To the Prime Minister

The other day I saw a woman weeping. For thirty years she had made a bare living in a little shop. Then, condemned as a slum area, it had to come down. A few pounds site value was all she received with which to end her days.

We appreciate Governmental determination to erase rotten houses, but a new house, in which someone else dwells, is poor consolation for those unfortunate folk who've seen the fruit of a lifetime's savings carted away as demolition rubbish.

The publican is compensated, and rightly. Give the same justice to the dispossessed shopkeeper.—*" Ailsa," Notts.*

To Lord Hewart

The other day you stated that you were Chief Coroner of all England, but that you had never presided at an inquest.

Why not do so, and show some of our busybody, pettifogging coroners how to conduct such a delicate procedure as an inquest?

You could set them an example; show them how to confine their business and their remarks to the business in hand, rather than to indulge in sweeping and absurd generalisations.—*W. T., Catford.*

To Sir Oliver Lodge

Congratulations, Sir Oliver, on reaching your eighty-fourth birthday this week. By your philosophical outlook on life you've perfect mental harmony; your profound wisdom in books and word excites our admiration.

Critics have assailed, but never dismayed you; sorrow came, but with it hope, which you handed on. Though a professor, one likes your humility.

The name Sir Oliver Lodge will ever be associated with learning. Nay more—it's synonymous with love you have always had for others.—*F. C., Sherwood.*

To Mrs. Van der Elst

Civilisation is slowly progressing. Even war, glorified through the ages, is becoming recognised as just mass murder, nothing more. Life is a gift of God, and no man has the right to destroy it—even under the banner of earthly justice.

The people are behind you in your spirited fight against capital punishment; almost every petition they sign in their thousands upon behalf of a condemned man is actually a protest against the death sentence.

Here's wishing you strength to put the gallows in their proper place—with the thumbscrews and racks.—*L. T., Handsworth.*

To a Local Council

I express strong disapproval of your action in allowing the only remaining field of a crowded industrial area to be used for building purposes.

In face of much opposition, what had once been the children's only paradise was ruthlessly sacrificed on the altar of " Profits."

I shudder to think of the penalty that will surely be paid in the lives of little ones who, deprived of their playground by a short-sighted policy, will have no alternative but to face the terrible risks of street games.—*" Boy Blue," Gloucestershire.*

To Mr. Anthony Eden

Without a doubt you are one of the few sane men to-day—a man with sense, reason and the courage of your convictions.

You are blessed with vision, you are young, you have tact, you can please and you can visualise what others seemingly cannot, until too late.

When you were ill we despaired; but you arose and went to Geneva.

Our hopes rose. Don't let them sink; we trust in you. Don't let us down; win your war for Peace. Your name will never be forgotten. The dead as well as the living are on your side.—*Mrs. H., Preston.*

To Mr. Hore-Belisha

Thank you, on behalf of " the man crossing the street," for your inspired and tireless efforts for our safety.

Against much cheap criticism and ridicule from all classes you just got on with the colossal job of trying to make roads safer for everybody.

Even had your measures not met with the considerable success they have, I should still be pleased to take off my hat to the Minister who took off his coat and did something besides talk.—*H. B., Bedford.*

To the Minister of Health

Staying at a Cotswold village last week I was amazed to find the place suffering from the effect of drought. In order
obtain water the unfortunate inhabita
were compelled to endure the inc
venience of making a journey of seve
miles.

Yet only a hundred yards away a h
underground pipe was conveying
abundant supply to a neighbouring to
but red tape and pettifogging regulatio
had prevented its being tapped.

Immediate steps must be taken in or
to end the water shortage problem
" Monswood," Somerset.

To Owners of Tramp Ships

It is time to look to your colours.
the public is at last learning a little
the hardships and privations of the sail
The recent investigations have brought
light circumstances which the laym
had no idea existed in such a leading p
fession as seafaring.

Such negligence will not be tolerated
long, for public sentiment cannot go u
heeded in these days.

Look to and start treating your seam
as men, and forget the saying, " Out
sight, out of mind."—*" Moaner," Gat
head.*

To Hannen Swaffer

When I first read your articles I w
prejudiced against you, and it is a
markable tribute to your skill as a wri
that I now look forward to your writin
with pleasure.

You are so sincere that whether
agrees with you or not one is forced
respect you. Again, you are always on
side of the oppressed, always ready to u
mask cruelty, however highly it may
placed.

And all your work breathes that sp
of fairness, right, sanity and freedom th
I hope you will long be spared to cha
pion the poor.—*L. L., Tanyfron.*

To the Postmaster-General

I hope that salary increases will shor
be granted to the lower-paid workers
your department. It is a scandal th
married men with families should rece
less than female telephonists.

When I read of the huge profits amas
by the Post Office I cannot help feel
that some of its employees are being v
unfairly treated.

Were civil servants allowed—like ot
members of the public—to air th
grievances in the Press, the conscience
the nation would, I believe, receive
nasty jar.—*D. E. P., Salisbury.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for " Shorts." Envelopes marked " Letter Parliament " must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, June 18.

The Ballot I'd Like Taken

Race with "Silver Ring"

"GOODS" FOR GATWICK

BAHRAM added his name to the JOHN BULL list of Derby winners in the style of a champion, and I hope to see the Aga Khan's fine colt go on to win the St. Leger.

I have been looking over the records of the Doncaster classic and find that, eliminating the war years, Diamond Jubilee, Rock Sand, Coronach, Trigo, Hyperion and Windsor Lad are the only horses during the century to have brought off the double. Providing he keeps well, Bahram is likely to join their ranks.

Running a rule over the Derby with a view to finding a danger to the son of Blandford, I would take only Field Trial and Hairan. There is Bobsleigh, of course, to be taken into account.

Field Trial ran a great race, and it was a pity that Plymouth Sound, who was to have acted as pace-maker, could not be started. Hairan, make no mistake, will prove a champion on a straight-galloping course. The Epsom gradients were no good to him.

I shall not have another chance of reviewing the big events for Ascot, but I am quite satisfied with the selections put up as long-shots. Crawley Wood (8st. 2lb.), in the Stakes, has a decided chance, and I regard Spinifex as the danger. Wychwood Abbot has something to do to win the Hunt Cup, but he is worth a wager if left in. Next to Leader's colt I suggest Law Maker.

Over Coat (7st. 13lb.) remains the top for the Wokingham Stakes.

Gatwick occupies the stage this week-end. Make a note of Pashley for the Crabbet Three-Year-Old Handicap, and Ca-Ca-Ce and Phantom Poll for the Saturday double.

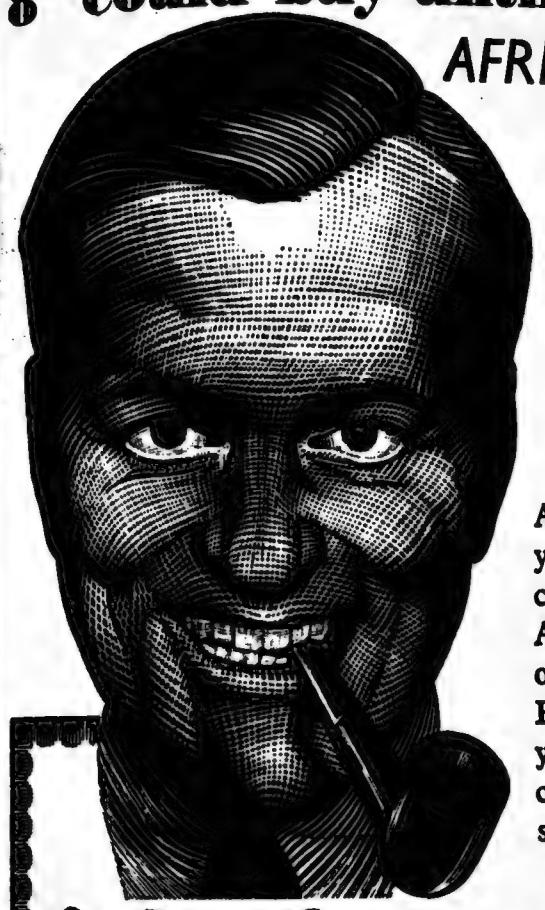
"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 13, to Wednesday, June 19.

W N 96 G E D V H J I 95 S O Y 97 L
R 98 T P 94 M P Q C 93 B A K X U Z

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 95SQW8D would read BAHRAM. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. A98K2O94W would read SNOOKER.

I didn't realise what 8D could buy until I tried AFRIKANDER



8D AN OZ

After the first puff you'll find it difficult to believe that Afrikander costs only 8d. an ounce. For whatever you've paid you can't have had more satisfying tobacco.

Afrikander
MIXTURE
Flake or Shag

"IT SAVES AND SATISFIES"

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MAKE THIS TEST TO-NIGHT

BEFORE you step into your pyjamas to-night stand in front of the mirror and look yourself over. Are you proud of the man you see? Is he a strapping, broad-shouldered husky, with arching chest and rippling bands of solid muscles? Would you bet on him in a fight?

Be fair to yourself. You can't expect the respect of men, or the admiration of women, if you're a physical weakling. Let me get to work on that body of yours. This free book shows how EASY it is. It's crammed full of pictures and matter that will make you open your eyes. Thousands of men have thought it worth while to send the "free book" coupon below to get their copies. It won't cost you one penny.

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Please send sufficient MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS AND YEAST for making one gallon of Prime Non-intoxicating Herb Beer. 4d. enclosed for postage, etc. Address of nearest retailer will be sent with each sample.

Name & Address in Block Letters .....

.....

.....

Dept. 326.....

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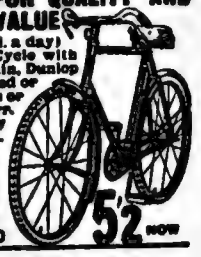

£1/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or £1/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogues Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

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URACE brand TABLETS have done my Rheumatism a lot of good—backache and stiffness have entirely gone. I can now move about with ease. Nurse J. K——. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

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AND THE SIXTY-SECOND AS GOOD AS THE FIRST

Yes, sixty seconds is all it takes to shave with the Valet because there's nothing to unscrew, nothing to take apart, nothing to adjust—the simplest self-stropping razor in the world. And those few seconds on the strop keep the Valet blade in perfect condition and ensure a keen, clean shave each time and every time. The Valet was the original self-stropping razor and it's still the simplest and the best. Of all dealers.

10 Secs. to Strop
39 Secs. to Shave
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Complete Sets from 2/6 to 45/-.

'VALET' Auto Strop Safety Razor

BRITISH MADE

To agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

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LETTER COMMISSIONS bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

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J.B. 15/6/35.

Address .....

Town.....County.....

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ALFRED H MAURICE Ltd
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THE KID
Celebrates
the first anniversary
of his appearance
in "John Bull"

THE EDITOR Laughs Last

C. C. R. (Small Heath).—"The sensible wife closes one eye when her husband flirts with another woman." Yes, and it's usually her husband's.

BETTY (Norwood).—"Every walker knows it's true that we think best while on our feet." And dancers often think hard while other people are on their feet.

Mrs. H. (Andover).—"I always like a game of draughts." You enjoy putting the men in their places?

P. N. (Cambridge).—"Our wicket-keeper has not conceded a single bye this season." He must be extra careful.

HIKER (Woodford).—"I think that too many uphill rambles are planned." You want them to show a decline?

ATHLETE (Dover).—"A dog is an excellent pacer for a cross-country run." So is a bull.

N. D. (Hollywood).—"I am not going to marry for a long time." Nobody does in Hollywood.

FATHER (Norwich).—"I gave my boy a good talking to about his weakness in French." Plain English?

MAUD (Epsom).—"I think it is very foolish to leave the ends of live electric wires loose in the house." It's shocking.

JACK (Newport).—"My friend has invested his capital in a poster business." You mean he's hoarding his money.

CURIOUS (Enfield).—"Which of our five senses is most alert in the morning?" Smell, if there's bacon for breakfast.

TEACHER (Bromsgrove).—"The school cricket team has to play on a pitch of bumps and pits." That's a bit rough.

BERT (Richmond).—"The floor of an ice-rink is its greatest asset." It is something to fall back on, certainly.

M. G. (Hampstead).—"You can take my word for it, selling newspapers is the coldest job on earth." But you must admit it keeps up the circulation.

MOTORIST (Hayes).—"I went for an evening run last week and an owl crashed through my windscreen." It didn't give a hoot?

E. R. (Tewkesbury).—"Because my son couldn't learn shorthand, I've put him in the motor trade." Speed will come more easily there.

TAILOR (Edmonton).—"It is highly probable that spotted flannels will be popular this year." In that case, ours will go another season!

Y. P. (London).—"It is really astonishing how quickly the average man learns fencing." It pays him to be quick to see the point.

A. Y. (Slough).—"I owe my life to the fact that a near-by angler threw me a line by which he pulled me to the bank." You were fished out, then?

GARDENER (Alnwick).—"I find the heat in the greenhouse very tiring, and I told my employer so." You ventilated your grievance, then?

M. V. (Blackpool).—"I lost my gold watch on the beach here last year, and intend to look for it this summer." We very much doubt if you'll find the time.

CLUBMAN (Piccadilly).—"I make the most rotten shots if anyone talks to me while I am playing billiards." It puts you off your stroke, so to speak.

D. E. (Grimsby).—"I haven't found that scrubbing my flower pots before using them has had any beneficial effect." You think it is a wash-out?

I. T. R. (Martlesham).—"The chance to walk round an aerodrome was a magnet on Empire Day." A big attraction, then?

P. M. L. (Folkestone).—"They say the pound note now goes farther." So far that it's soon lost to sight, of course.

W. T. (Beccles).—"I've had thirty-four jobs in my life, and I'm proud to say I wasn't sacked from one of them." Which one was that?

FLAT-DWELLER (Leeds).—"We have tried in vain to find out who broke our stair lamps last week." You are still in the dark.

A. S. D. (Perth).—"My friend promised to bet with the totalisator at the race meeting, but he did not keep his word." He backed out of it.

H. J. C. (Blackpool).—"It is one continual chatter in the modern seaside resort." Especially at the open-air bathing pool.

F. T. (Scotland).—"The owner of a private zoo allows his kangaroos to wander at will in his park." Kangaroos, of course, never get out of bounds.

S. I. (Kensington).—"My last bottle of medicine was so horrible that I threw it out of the window." Didn't you follow the directions on the bottle?

A. C. D. (Hendon).—"When a suburbanite keeps poultry the birds are kept very much in the background." Nonsense. They always have the run of the place.

Mrs. E. (Sudbury).—"During a recent college fire in America, I read the principal dropped from a three-story window and was caught by several schoolboys." This is not the first time a headmaster has come down heavily on his pupils.

S. G. O. (Streatham).—"Last week a swarm of bees invaded our pitch and caused the visiting team's batsmen, who were making a big score, to retire." It was obviously a hint to your bowlers to put more sting into their attack.

D. W. (Welwyn).—"It's a perfect natural feeling to want your own back. Not when you've got lumbago in it.

JAMES (Ludlow).—"The door of the telephone call-box was jammed, and I had to knock a hole in the window. Then you got through.

C. L. (Aldershot).—"It doesn't take long to turn out the complete soldier. Unless, of course, he is a particularly heavy sleeper.

H. C. (Warley).—"Men's fashions rarely change." That is comforting to those who have been wearing new winter's overcoat for the last three years.

P. H. (Gravesend).—"What do you think of a tennis racquet as a birthday present for my girl?" It should prove of great service to her.

LANDLADY (Whitby).—"A lodger, who went away two years ago, left behind a telescope which he has never called for. What shall I do?" Look into it.

JOHN T. (Swanage).—"Breathing is of first importance to an opera singer." So it is to all of us.

TRAVELLER (Southampton).—"You say negroes often polish their skins to make them shine." They're bright lads.

B. H. (Chepstow).—"I have forbidden my wife to go to Paris and am wondering what she will do now." Go to Paris.

COOK (Windsor).—"Should I do well to invest my money in a pork-pie shop?" It will depend on how much you put in.

M. D. (Rochester).—"I stepped on a rake which struck the back of my skull. Was it seriously damaged?

FARMER (Cressing).—"All my dairy maids went on strike one morning. Somebody had been churning up trouble." T. G. (Ilford).—"I'm afraid there'll be an accident if I don't tighten my cycle wheel." Yes, we can see that coming on.

FORGETFUL (Devizes).—"I sent the cheque by registered post, but afterwards discovered I had not filled it in." You registered a blank.

W. A. (Andover).—"Before trimming my lawn I tried to sharpen my shears but absolutely ruined them." So you couldn't take the edge off.

ARCHITECT (Edinburgh).—"I strongly condemn the building of a house which collapses at the slightest knock." But it's silly to kick against it.

DAD (Clapham).—"All my sons developed between the ages of fifteen and seventeen." Have you a photographer's business?

J. C. M. (Aldershot).—"The doctor says I need a complete change." Then why about a trip to the land of No More Worries! There's £700 cash and a Millionaire's Holiday for Two waiting to be won on page 43.

BUILDER (Plumstead).—"My boss had the shock of his life when I dropped my tools." You dropped a brick—and it fell on him?

BUSINESS MAGNATE (E.C.).—"No business man can afford to leave his customers in the dark." Unless he is a kinema manager.

BILLPOSTER (Putney).—"I make a very careful note of all the bills I put up during the course of the day." You keep a sort of fixture list?

Mrs. B. (Camberwell).—"The worst part of a big washing is the hanging out of the clothes." But it's all right if you keep pegging away at it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Z-Z-Z-I-P!

Zip—goes the red strip round your packet of Cavanders Gold Leaf Cigarettes.

and—off comes the outer wrapper (which keeps them so beautifully fresh) without that tiresome fumble-pick-fumbling.

it's—an attractive packing—but not half so attractive as the new all-Virginia cigarettes inside, made by the famous firm of Cavanders who have been blending fine tobaccos since 1775.

off—with you to your tobacconist for a packet of Cavanders—made from a new smooth-smoking blend of Virginia's mild and golden leaf. "As smooth as velvet."

10 *for* **6**D
50 *for* **2/5**
20 *for* **11½**D

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Answer the Holiday Question . . .
by SOLVING JOHN BULL'S HOLIDAY PENSION X-WORD
£30 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE and £300 cash plus 30/- WEEKLY AS LONG AS YOU LIVE
OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £850
£150 Increased Holiday Prize for Runners-up
£100 EXTRA HOLIDAY BONUS for Runners-up from whom we receive two entries in the same envelope.
• UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS •
To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer.
TO BE DESPATCHED WEDNESDAY, JULY 3.

YOU have had the Whitsun break as a foretaste of summer holidays. Did it give you a gentle reminder that taking holidays is expensive unless somebody else can be persuaded to pay?

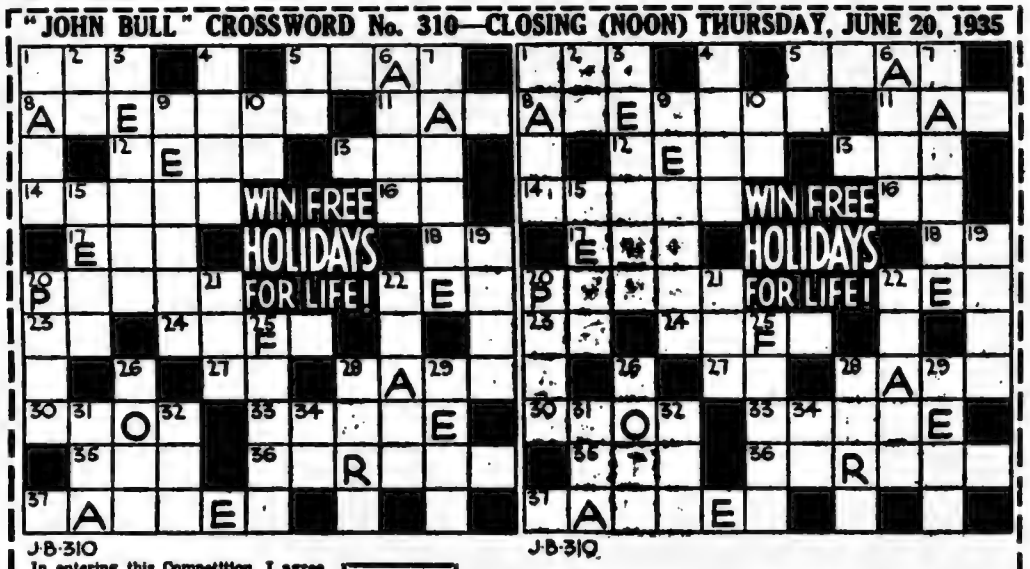
Well, why not invite "John Bull" to pay for your holiday this year—and not only this year, but next year and every year as long as you live? This unique Holiday Pension award is only part of the prize you can win by beating all other entrants this week, for with it goes the fine sum of £300 cash AND a Life Income of 30s. Weekly.

For those who just miss the top of this novel prize-list, "John Bull" has arranged for the substantial sum of £250 to be divided as announced—and unlimited Surprise Awards are also awaiting distribution in this Contest amongst solvers who just fail to secure a Runner-up prize.

Tackle now our Compiler's latest list of Common-sense Clues on this page, get your squares in by noon on Thursday, June 20, and the following Thursday may bring you a thrilling First Prize telegram from Long Acre.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30s. a week, £300 in cash and a £30 holiday prize annually for life (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be shared by Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 27, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 4.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 310—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1935



J.B.310

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

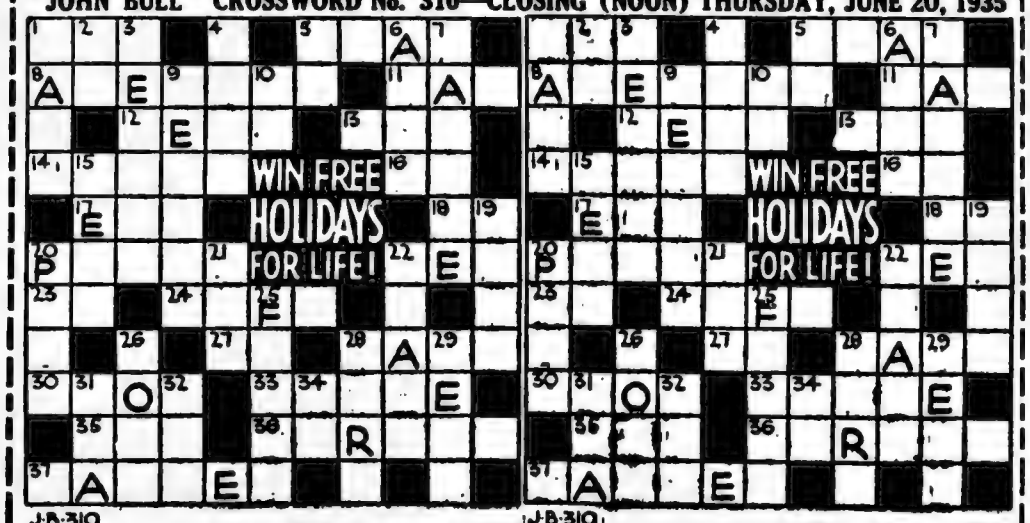
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 310—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1935



J.B.310

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "John Bull" Crossword No. 310, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp).

ACCEPT FREE X-WORD HELP! Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address, Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 308.

Winners in Crossword No. 307 appear in page 14. Winners in Crossword No. 308 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 308 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

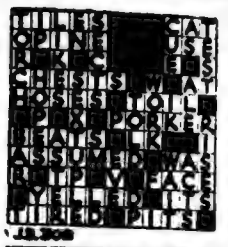
STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

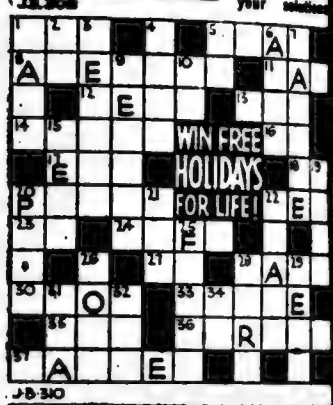
1. Take the noise from marrow
5. Dictator depends on his, to accomplish his work
8. Neither specially good nor specially bad
11. Is bound to be strong
12. Girl seems different on returning from her first one
13. Many regrets come from editor's
14. Goods are sold in these
16. Beginning and end of talk
17. Before, whichever way you read it
18. Middle of debt
20. Part of flower
22. Washes up on the beach
23. Remove B from bud
24. Is often taken on roads
27. Bee without head
28. Windbag is all this
30. Wild plum used for flavouring gin
33. Describes bad pain or sharp angle
35. Lamb's mother
36. How big river appears to aviator from the clouds
37. Heavy one makes the biggest impression

DOWN

1. Commonly associated with war
2. Always inside cave
3. Sonny's often upsets father
4. You see strange faces between these in monkey house
5. Half sewn
6. Assist in crime
7. He hails from America
9. Revoke
10. Germ without its middle
15. Take notice of
19. Tramp sleeps on this by the road
20. May playfully scratch up your garden
21. Tell a fib
22. May help you to live if you're desperately hard up
25. Enough is as good as this
26. Cook cleans before using it
28. Luck on this may bring you money
29. Is often seen in the air
31. Pasture land
32. The conger is a big one
34. Cot with nothing taken out



J.B.308



J.B.310

WIN FREE
HOLIDAYS
FOR LIFE!
J.B.310

WIN FREE
HOLIDAYS
FOR LIFE!
J.B.310

WIN FREE
HOLIDAYS
FOR LIFE!
J.B.310

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are useful to be used for keeping copies of your solutions

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, June 20, 1935.

2.—**In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."**

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 4, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 16, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £3 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £3 will be divided between sharers. Newsagents

£2,500 FREE FOR A SNAPSHOT

GREAT NEW Daily Herald COMPETITION

UNLIMITED CASH AWARDS

Start Now!

Enter this great new and irresistible "Daily Herald" Snaps Competition to-day and make up your mind to win the colossal FREE cash prize of £2,500 which MUST BE WON.

REMEMBER, too, that there are unlimited cash awards of £2 2s. 0d. for each snap reproduced in the "Daily Herald." The more you send in the more opportunities you give yourself of winning not only the special awards, but also of capturing the gigantic first prize of £2,500.

Every entry will be examined and all entries are eligible for the big prize, whether or not they have been awarded a £2 2s. 0d. special prize.

A free entry form, which must be pasted on the back of each snap submitted, will appear every day in the "Daily Herald."

Here is a competition which will be the thrill of the year. Prize-winning pictures abound everywhere. At home or on holiday, in town or by the sea, there are subjects everywhere just waiting to be photographed.

It is not the camera that matters—it's the picture. A prize-winning picture may be "snapped" just as easily by a simple box camera as by one that is more expensive.

Send in your entries without delay and you may have the pleasure of seeing your photograph reproduced in the "Daily Herald," and at the same time, of carrying off one of the special £2 2s. 0d. prizes.

You can win any number of these special prizes.

There may even be pictures of outstanding merit which you have "snapped" on a previous holiday which may mean money to you. Use the Free Entry Form below for your first entry and send it in to-day.

Here are some of the pictures which have won £2-2-0 awards. Send *in your* snaps now.

SIMPLE RULES.

1. A prize of £2,500 will be paid to the sender of the best photograph received during the run of the competition.

2. From the photographs received each day a selection will be made and a special award of £2.2.0 will be paid to the sender of any photograph reproduced in the "Daily Herald." At the close of the competition every photograph will be judged and every entry, whether reproduced in the "Daily Herald" or not will be eligible for the £2,500 cash prize.

3. All entries submitted must have been taken personally by the sender, who must be an amateur. Photographs need not have been developed and printed by the sender and may be either "snapshot" or "time" exposure. Photographs entered in this competition must not have appeared in any other publication, and the entrant must be the sole owner of the copyright of each photograph entered.

4. Entries in this competition may be of any size and must be unmounted. Entries cannot in any circumstances be returned to senders, and no correspondence will be entered into or interviews granted.

5. There is no limit to the number of entries you may submit, but no photograph may be submitted more than once. A Free Entry Form will be printed each day in the "Daily Herald" during the run of the competition and each photograph submitted must have one of these forms properly completed and pasted on the back.

6. The copyright of any photograph published becomes the property of the "Daily Herald" and the payment of a prize or special award shall be regarded as a copyright fee.

7. The decision of the Editor of the "Daily Herald" must be accepted as final and legally binding on any matter relating to this competition. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

8. Employees of the "Daily Herald" (1929), Ltd. and any associated companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

9. Entries may be sent in at any time during the competition and must be posted to "Snaps," The "Daily Herald," 4-6, Arne Street, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). The closing date of the competition will be announced in the "Daily Herald" later.

FREE ENTRY FORM APPEARS EACH DAY IN THE "DAILY HERALD."

Complete Entry Form below in Block Letters, cut it out and paste it firmly on the back of your photograph.

Entry Form No. J.B. 1.

£2,500 FREE

FOR A SNAPSHOT.

Address your entries :

"SNAPS," THE "DAILY HERALD," 4-6, Arne Street, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

I agree to abide by the rules and conditions of this competition and certify that this photograph was taken by me. I am an amateur and the sole owner of the copyright of this photograph, which has NOT previously been published.

Write clearly in Block Letters.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Place where Snap was taken :

.....

J.B.15.6.35.

"NEW LIFE" HAIR-GROWING GIFTS

100,000 "New Life" Hair-Growing Gifts are now waiting to be posted. Simply post the Coupon printed below. Each Gift Package contains:

1—A Testing Supply of Kotalko—The True Hair Grower.

2—A Testing Tablet of Kotalko Scalp and Hair Soap.

3—Illustrated Instructions for "New Life" Hair-Growing—even on Bald Patches on Heads and for getting rid of Scurf and Dandruff.

These gifts will prove valuable indeed to readers who are losing their hair—whose thin or bald patches are growing larger—whose scalp and hair show scurf and dandruff—or whose hair is fading or going grey.

100,000 TEST PACKAGES
Send for Yours To-day!

"I Was Quite Bald" Now Thick, Curly Hair

When I began using Kotalko **I was absolutely bald**—I had no hair at all. I used many lotions, etc., but **nothing proved successful until I used Kotalko.** Now I have a lovely growth of thick, curly hair, as shown in my photograph. My friends are amazed at results.

I did not think I would ever again be able to go without a hat, but thanks to Kotalko I can go without one now.

ELIZABETH MURRAY.

Grows New Hair at 78

Kotalko is wonderful. **Although my age is 78—Kotalko has brought on a complete new growth of hair where I was quite bald.** The new growth was evident after only three months' use of Kotalko. With this encouragement I persevered, and the new growth increased and thickened week by week, and now my head is once more absolutely normal — **where baldness had previously existed, I have now a complete new hair growth.** I shall certainly recommend it to all who need a preparation that really grows hair.

S. ROBINSON.

"My Head was all Bald Patches" Now Thick, New Hair

My hair fell out until my head was covered with bare patches. My head was also full of dandruff. Nothing I used had the slightest effect in overcoming this until Kotalko was given a chance. After one month's use, instead of baldness, I have again the thick hair growth as shown by my photograph. No signs of dandruff and the scalp is in splendid condition.

A. J. COLE.

What's the Matter with your Hair? You, too, can Put it Right with

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

KOTALKO is for men's, women's and children's hair; for falling hair, dandruff and for baldness. The scalp becomes supple and the hair roots nourished and restored to renewed activity.

Feed Hair Roots daily with Kotalko. Cleanse and soften Hair Follicles once weekly with Kotalko Scalp Soap, the Tonic Shampoo.

Send or Copy this COUPON

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy Street (53 GD.), London, W.1.

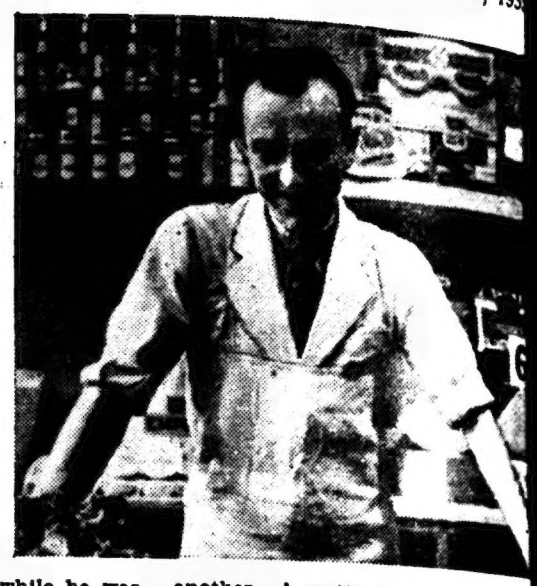
Please send me one of your 100,000 "New Life" Hair-Growing Packages, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

He's WON enough to buy his OWN SHOP



"TELEGRAM for you, Alec," said an anxious mother, handing a wire to her son while he was home for lunch one recent Friday at 6, Firpark Place, Glasgow. "Not bad news from your brother, I hope?"

Young Mr. A. Mackenzie read the wire. "No, it's only about a *Bullets* prize," he reassured her. "What—£20 or so?" asked his mother.

Then she and her husband listened speechlessly as their son slowly read out the message from JOHN BULL, "You have won £1,000, a motor-car and a millionaire's week-end in London. . . ."

* * *

That was how the Mackenzies received the news of their son's huge prize, writes a JOHN BULL representative. And when I called later with congratulations, Mr. Mackenzie, Sen., had something to say before sending me on to the Glasgow Eastern Co-operative Society's shop at 503, London Road, where our 983rd First Prize-winner is employed at the grocery counter.

"How he's stuck to it and kept on entering beats me," said this Bulleteer's father. "He's had no encouragement from us and not much from *Bullets*. Why, he's never won anything but a few 'Targets'!"

But this quiet young man of twenty-seven, whom I found busy behind the counter, is not the sort to be daunted by lack of success. His *Bullets* experience, he told me, had been one long story of "Try, try, try again!"

"I've been entering *Bullets* for four years," said Mr. Mackenzie. "The last prize I won—and the highest—was a Red Seal 'Target' last June."

Our conversation was interrupted by a customer — and then another. A pretty tiring job it must I reflected—and said as much to winner when he was free again. Ag ing, he told me that it was throu having a tiring day at work that he nea missed entering his winning *Bullet*.

"I had got home at 10.30 one Thurs night, feeling pretty tired," he recall "One *Bullet* for my weekly entry already made out, but I didn't feel tackling any more. However, as JOHN BULL was lying handy, I thought I'd l again at the *Examples* for a few minut

Looking back at the birth of thoughtful First Prize effort, RUNN AWAY—DOESN'T PREVENT "SHADOW" F LOWING, this young man mentioned t his greatest help had been the clear simple instructions for making *Bul* which are given each week in JOHN BU

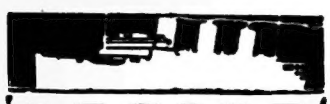
First he jotted down the rough t "But his worries follow." Then, reme bering how a shadow follows one in sunshine, the rough idea was turned i neat, apt phrasing a few minutes later.

Plans? No, he had made no decisi beyond one to select a lump sum of £1, rather than the three-in-one award.

Hints for other competitors? Yes. had many, but n better than this adv "Follow JOHN BU instructions for mak *Bullets* and keep on t ing," he said. "Th that wonderful Fri thrill can be yours!"

* *

On Friday, July somebody who has these words may learn by telegram of coming of that fine t in-one Holiday F which we offer for best *Bullet* this wee and that somebody be *you*!



RECORD WORLD CRUISE OFFER COMING!

In "Bullets" No. 950 the Record Holiday First Prize will be a Family World Cruise, £1,000 Cash and £6 weekly for life!

PREVIOUS WINNER'S WORLD CRUISE DIARY BEGINS ON PAGE 24

100 CHEQUES PLUS BONUSES AWARDED THIS WEE

FIRST PRIZE, £600—COMPETITION NO. 984

E. E. VELLAM, 9, Fairfield Terrace, Newton Abbot, Devon.

Example: NOT ONLY

Bullet: "Please, GOD—" *Please* GOD!

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

A. W. BROWN, 51, Cranston Gardens, S. Chingford, Essex.

Example: Old-fashioned Shopkeeper

Bullet: I Prefer "To Trust."

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

A. ENTWISTLE, 21, Barton Street, Darwen, Lancs.

Example: If We Think

Bullet: In "If's," It's "Finis."

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: H. SLATER, 8, Watling Street, Gillingham, Kent.
Rough Sea—Then Appreciates "Friendly Beam."

£10: Miss B. GARDINER, c/o, 53, St. Philips Avenue North, Worcester Park, Surrey.
His Wages — Preventing Parenthood's "Gamble." Also.

£9: S. S. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.
Talking Nonsense — Seaside Couples — And Grundy.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" Coupon.)

£8: C. H. REED, 117, Barry Road, Cadoxton, Barry, Glam
Rough Sea—Beyond My Doorstep's "Cliff."

£7: N. J. FISHLOCK, 112, Godstone Road, Purley.
In His Pocket—Success—Pocketed Defeat Smilingly.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£6: S. HOLT, 17, Bankfield Street, Blackley, Manchester.
Upset Our Suburb—Factory Spoiling "Superior Air."

£5: C. HERBERT, 31, Oakley Road, South Norwood, S.E.
Old-fashioned Shopkeeper—Bell Fetched—"Rings" Despatched.

10 OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. E. BENNETT, Ting Tong, Budleigh Salterton.
Lonely Child—"Have A Cocktail, Dolly?"

Mrs. BUTTERWORTH, Lower Shadsa Blackburn.
Worried The Farmer—Into Farming—Exp Almost!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

W. COWAN, Jnr., 21, Church Street, Cowd beath, Fife.
Rough Sea—Life—Eating My "Coast-line."

G. H. HAWES, 390, Mawneys Road, Romfor
Loyal Supporter—Tattooed "Mary"—Ad "Queen"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

C. P. HOWDEN, Nuebrex, Wickersley Rd Rotherham.
Lonely Child—Reading Comic—Missing P
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A. C. JARVIS, 5, Dunstan Street, Liverpool.
Like A Thunderbolt—My Cup—Symph Unfinished!

E. M. MEECH, 35, Malpas Road, Wallasey.
Rough Sea—Dictator's Jukwel, Penn Manifesto.

Miss A. M. ROBERTS, 95, High Street, Bam
Plain Facts—About War, *Demand* Adjec

L. G. SEAL, 32, Tollington Place, London, N
Dad's A Taximan, So—Saturday's Pe About Wednesday!

E. WORRALL, 104, Evelyn Street, Warrington
Her Ultimatum—"No Children!" No Wom

Each of the above winners will also rec a Bonus consisting of a case of Groceries, as 88 of £1. A list of these, together with 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at the offices "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIE

Send for this FREE ILLUSTRATED GIFT LIST

An interesting illustrated list of gifts is offered by the makers of Foster Clark's Cream Custard. A free copy, together with one Free Coupon, will be sent to every reader who writes, mentioning "John Bull," to Foster Clark, Ltd., Dept. J.B.1, Maidstone, Kent. This offer appears on page 26.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

The Graves LADY'S "FLIGHT" Model is the finest value the world can offer:—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, all bright parts Chromium Plated, Raised Handlebars or to order, Open Centre Metal Chain Cover, Double Roller Lever Brakes, Rear Reflector, Set of Accessories. Carriage Paid £3.17.6 or 5/2 now and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Gent's model same price. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4.17.6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', & Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

5/2 NOW

A HOME PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

for only ten monthly payments of £1!

WRITE FOR FREE PARTICS.

A Remington Noiseless Portable Typewriter can be yours to-day for an easy system of small monthly payments. Think what a boon this finest of Home Portable typewriters can be! Get full particulars of the unique offer announced on page 28 by filling in and posting the Coupon, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to **Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd., 100, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3.**

★ FREE SAMPLE of delightful New BREAKFAST FOOD

—Cut out the Free Coupon on Page 29.

ACCEPT the unique opportunity offered to every "John Bull" reader to try, taste and enjoy FARMER'S GLORY TOASTED WHEAT FLAKES—the *new* British wheat flakes breakfast food—free of charge.

TURN TO PAGE 29, NOW!

Get this Most Wonderful Household Tool

—A Can-Opener Combination with 5 other uses, too!

★ TIN OPENER
★ BOTTLE OPENER
★ SCREW DRIVER
★ SPANNER
★ INCH MEASURE
★ TACK LIFTER

THIS amazing Sheffield made nickel-plated steel tool is just what is needed to make short work of dozens of different household jobs. It's free for six blue wrapper tops from SHIPPAMS tins. Simply hand them to your grocer, and get yours now!

Turn to the offer on p.27.

Stomach Sufferers

Sufferers from Indigestion will be delighted with the quick relief from pain they get by taking De Witt's Antacid Powder. Special attention has been paid to the necessity of removing the cause of the trouble. Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder eliminates excess acidity, heals the ulcerated or inflamed stomach or intestines and strengthens and tones up the whole digestive system. So be sure you ask for—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Price 1/6 (U.K.) in Sky-blue Container

INCREASED 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE...

HEADING **100** HOLIDAY CHEQUES VALUE OVER **£1,250**

£700 and HOLIDAY WEEK FOR TWO AT TORQUAY

Winner and chosen companion will travel first-class from home to Torquay, or to any other British holiday resort, to stay at luxurious hotel for one week. Motoring, flying, sight-seeing and other entertainments will all be provided by "John Bull." If preferred £50 cash paid in place of Holiday Week.

THIS WEEK ONLY! Enter by Saturday, June 22

	£50	£40	£30	£20
£15	£10	£9	£8	£7
10 of £5	30 of £3	50 of £2		

£20 EXTRA BONUS for highest prize-winner (excluding First) from whom "John Bull" receives two or more coupons for this contest.

500 of 2/6
2,000 Red Seal "Targets"
8,000 "Target" Prizes

ANOTHER ONE-WEEK SHOWER OF "BULLETS" HOLIDAY CHEQUES

FOR the second huge offer of *Bullets* sensational 1935 Holiday Campaign, the First Prize has been increased to the fine lump sum of £700; and, to celebrate capturing this fortune, the winner and chosen companion will be invited to spend a Millionaire's Holiday Week at Torquay or any other British holiday resort. Since this fine two-in-one First is followed by 99 other substantial Holiday Cheques, any of which may well be yours for spending a quiet half-hour with the *Examples*, here is indeed a week of golden opportunities.

Congratulations from JOHN BULL will be wired to the winner of to-day's £700-and-Holiday First Prize on Friday, July 5, and each of the 100 Holiday Prizes will be in its winner's hands a few days later. Above you will read how you can secure a £20 Bonus with your Holiday Prize, as well as details of that wonderful Millionaire's Seaside Week, and all the other holiday attractions. Time is short, so start on your efforts now.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

To make a *Bullet*, you simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. For instance, in considering the example CHEMICAL WARFARE, you might well jot down the rough comment *Against Weeds, Helpful—Humans, Monstrous.* This you could readily improve and condense to the finished *Bullet*, CHEMICAL WARFARE—IMPROVES GARDENS—RUINS HOMES.

Before starting on your own *Bullets*, study the good points of the winning efforts on the previous page, each of which gives you a hint on how to turn your thoughts into cash.

Then for your own prize *Bullets*! A few minutes spent in phrasing them neatly and that giant two-in-one First, and any of the remaining 99 big Holiday Prizes may well come to your address, if your entry is in the judges' hands by Saturday, June 22.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES":

PROSPERITY'S SHIP
SAM AND JOHN
WITH BRITANNIA'S HELP
HOTTER AND HOTTER
FOOL'S ERRAND
MOTHER'S HOLIDAY
POOR DONKEY
ALL OUT
PLAIN FOLKS
SINGING SMALL
DEADLY DRUG
NEIGHBOUR'S FOWLS
IN GENEVA'S GARDEN
"BE MINE!"
MADE GRANNY GASP
WITH AN INNOCENT SMILE
TO PATCH THE QUARREL
WHERE THE MONEY GOES
FATHER'S HOLLYHOCK
HALF THE BATTLE
WITH A SNARL
YOUNG HEATHEN
UPSET THE UMPIRE
TAKING IT ALL IN
MADE HIM POPULAR
HIS ENEMY
BLOWING HIS TRUMPET
GOOD
FLASH IN THE PAN
WHEN STUMPS ARE DRAWN
CHEMICAL WARFARE
SANDY'S TELEGRAM
GENEROUS GIFT
HARD AND FAST
SHUT IN
FAITHFUL FRIEND

SAVE MONEY by enclosing this new Easy Registration Coupon with your entry for "Bullets" or "John Bull" Crosswords, and thus secure 48 pages of Competition assistance **FREE!**

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE.	AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE.

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition will be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 988 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,030 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 983 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. Dickson, 55, Alexandra Parade, Glasgow.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(988) Closing SAT., June 22.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(988) Closing SAT., June 22.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(988) Closing SAT., June 22.	P.O. No ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(988) Closing SAT., June 22.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 988, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NURSE'S DRAMATIC TRIBUTE TO Yeast-Vite

Brand Tonic Tablets

Patient's Amazing Recovery After 7 YEARS' ILLNESS

Now Able To Go Out After Being Confined To The House For 7 Years

8 OTHER PATIENTS ALSO DOING SPLENDIDLY ON WONDER YEAST TONIC

Father Also Benefits And At Least

100 OTHERS TO WHOM SHE HAS RECOMMENDED AND DISTRIBUTED YEAST-VITE

Who is more qualified to speak on the value of a remedy than the NURSE? She SEES the practical results of its application not in *one* but in *numerous* cases!

That is why the dramatic praise we publish here to-day must rank as one of the most outstanding of all the great tributes which have been paid to Yeast-Vite. No *ordinary* case of a Headache relieved . . . Indigestion stopped or Nervousness dispelled, would move a *nurse* to write *so* enthusiastically and gratefully.

Yeast-Vite is Life

Just consider the marvel of it! This nurse's patient suffered from an illness which sapped his vitality and kept him confined to the house for no less than seven years! Yet, by the aid of her careful nursing and her wise use of "Yeast-Vite" to build up his vitality, he actually recovered strength sufficiently to go out! Imagine it. Out of doors into the open air . . . after 7 long years confined to the four walls of his dwelling!

But that is not the end of this Nurse's Dramatic Praise! She had 8 *more* of her own private patients on Yeast-Vite and all of them did splendidly!

She recommended the World's Record Tonic to her father . . . and she herself was astounded at the difference Yeast-Vite made to him!

In addition, she has recommended and distributed Yeast-Vite to AT LEAST one hundred other people.

And when a NURSE with all her knowledge recommends a remedy with so much enthusiasm, and when she can say in each case that GOOD RESULTS accrued . . . that remedy must indeed be outstanding.

IF YOU *are* **Weak, Debilitated, Strengthless, Lacking in Energy, Vitality** *and the 'Will to Live,' let Yeast-Vite bring you New Vim, New Vigour, New Vitality, New LIFE!*

IF YOU *are nearly driven mad by* **Throbbing Headaches, Neuralgia or Nagging Nerve Pains** . . . *let Yeast-Vite bring YOU relief!*

IF YOU *cannot Digest your food . . . suffer from* **Stomach Pains, Sickness, Acidity, Heartburn or Palpitation** . . . *take Yeast-Vite and know the joy of Freedom!*

IF YOU *are tortured by painful* **Rheumatism** *which makes your life a martyrdom . . . experience how Yeast-Vite will end your suffering!*

IF YOU *are Driven to Distraction by* **Weak, Jangled and Jumpy Nerves** . . . *let Yeast-Vite make YOU calm, confident and cheerful!*

Extracts from enthusiastic Nurse's unsolicited praise about Yeast-Vite.

Dear Sirs,—I write to tell you that Yeast-Vite has done my patient a marvellous amount of good. He has been wonderful ever since I put him on 'Yeast Vite.' He has not had a single bad attack since starting them. Yeast-Vite has reduced the blood pressure and toned him up.

He has more life in his limbs than he has had since he was taken ill seven years ago. Whereas he had been a prisoner in the house for seven years, since I put him on Yeast-Vite he has gained sufficient strength to be taken out. Those Tablets have done what nothing else has done. He says I am to thank you and tell you that he tells all his friends. If only you could see him you would be cheered.

I have now got 8 other patients on Yeast-Vite and they are doing fine. One is Mrs. ——. They did her a world of good and picked her nerves up completely.

I have distributed and recommended 'Yeast-Vite' to at least a hundred people lately and all of whom have had great results.

I sent some to my father in Gloucestershire. He had good nights and felt so much better and when I went up on Saturday to meet him I was really astounded at the difference in him.

I can only say that as a medicine I have never found anything to equal Yeast-Vite Tablets.

Wishing you all success as you richly deserve. Nurse B. W.

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES"	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS.
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS.
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS.

NO CURE—NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES OF YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question.

Sold Everywhere

3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

T.C.B.

160 B 113

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A 132